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The Macdonald College Magazine is published four times during College year by students. Subscription: \$1.00 per year. Address all subscriptions, etc., to the Business Manager, all advertising matter to the Advertising Manager, and all matter for publication to the Editor-in-Chief, Macdonald College Magazine, Macdonald College P. O., P. Q.,

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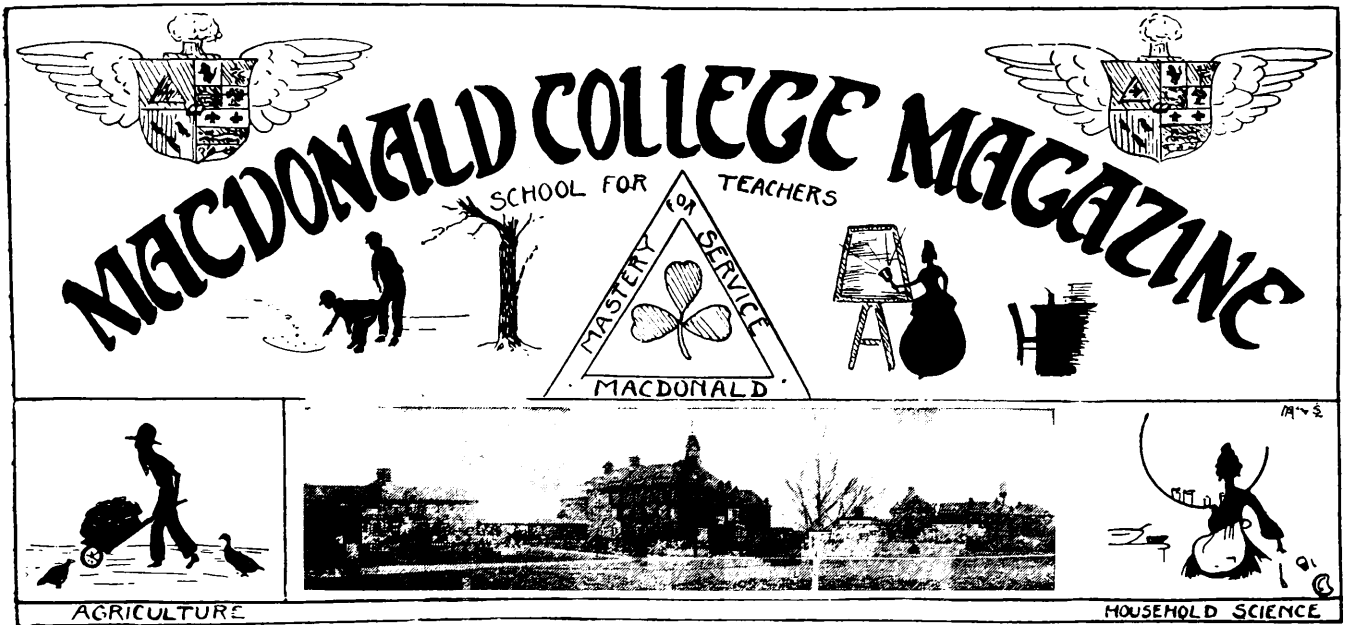
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A Winter Scene.



VOL. XII.

DECEMBER-JANUARY

No. 2

The Story Writing Competition

IN the work of judging the stories for competition in the Magazine Story Writing Contest we have taken as our basis a standard which allots fifty per cent of the points for plot and its development, and fifty per cent for literary finish, which includes economy of words and mechanical correctness, as well as the more important consideration of literary style. We are not sure that this is the proper division of points in a contest of this kind, but we took the conditions laid down by your Literary Society, and allotted our own percentages to them. For the guidance of both writers and judges in the future we would suggest that a definite score card should be laid down.

If we were judging these stories from the standpoint of a commercial magazine we should probably allot a higher percentage for plot and development than we have used. But it must be remembered that in the case of a commercial magazine the editor is able to pick out those manuscripts that show promise in plot, and if they are lack-

ing in literary finish he may return them to the writers with suggestions as to how they may be put into better shape. In our case, however, we have had to judge these stories as "ready for publication." Because of this fact it has been necessary for us to place literary excellence above plot where a good plot was ruined through careless handling.

It is our opinion that the stories on the whole show up to better advantage than did those submitted for competition in last year's contest. A number of the stories show good imagination, and all are well titled. The story which was unanimously awarded first place, "The Devil's Driver of Red Gulch," exhibits real imagination, a clever playing of the un-real against the real, and more literary finish than is usually found in stories written by amateurs. Following after this story, although it must be confessed some little distance behind, come three or four that are not far apart in score, although the points allotted are given on widely differing

grounds. In this connection we might mention that one of these, "Life and the Great Unknown," contains the germ of a fine plot and shows flashes of real literary feeling, but had to be thrown out of the prize-winning class because of its careless and illogical treatment. To conclude our general criticism we should mention that two of the competing manuscripts, "The Fleet" and "The Frozen Ocean," were ruled out of the competition as being informative articles rather than imaginative short stories.

1. The Devil's Driver of Red Gulch.

This was the outstanding story in the competition from the standpoint of finished product. It has a real plot with coherent conception. The characters are real and the dialogue convincing. The story shows particularly clever work in handling the combination of the supernatural and the natural. With a few minor alterations, which could be made by any editor, this manuscript would be ready for commercial publication—a statement which does not apply with such force to any of the other manuscripts submitted.

2. The Ancient Shepherd.

The Ancient Shepherd has a good plot, which is cleverly conceived and rendered, but could be improved a hundred fold if re-written in such a manner as to make the story of the story rather than of the accompanying details as we now have it. The tale as it stands consists of a lengthy introduction, which is good in itself and includes clever touches here and there, and a hasty treatment of the real heart of the story. The writer has been very successful with his atmosphere, local colour and setting, and has attained a high degree of mechanical precision. To make this manuscript ready for publication would, however, require re-

writing the whole thing, with a view to making as much as possible of the story itself and to getting better balance between setting and plot.

3. A Tale of the Western Seas.

The creditable point in this tale is its finish—not so much its style, which, from the standpoint of the narrator is poor, but its diction and its atmosphere. In plot this story is poor. It is somewhat hackneyed, but with a little more coherence in the working out of the tale it could be put into fair shape. The main fact responsible for bringing this story into the prize-winning circle was its mechanical correctness, and its comparative suitability for publication as it stands.

4. Life and the Great Unknown.

This story offers the interesting example of a splendid possibility in the form of a plot thrown away through general carelessness in the preparation of the manuscript. The tale is decidedly original and imaginative, and in its working out contains interesting indications of literary sensitiveness. It has possibilities superior to some of the prize-winners, but its time sequence is woefully awry.

5. A Tangle of Lives.

This, the only romance in the competition, was a story pleasing in its diction, but rather weak in plot. It showed neither originality nor imagination, and lacked literary style.

6. The Frozen Ocean.

An informative article on Seal Hunting, but not a real story.

7. The Fleet.

A report of a visit to the fleet.—Again not a real story.

Signed) H. S. Lynde,

W. P. Percival.

Norris Hodgins.

—Committee of Judges.

The Devil's Driver of Red Gulch

By Ralph L. WURTZBURGER, Agr. '23.

First Prize Story — Literary Society Competition.

HESTER TILBURY of Sacramento was a collector for the Sunset Iron Works, builders of saw-mills and heavy machinery. He had often expressed a desire to take a tour farther inland amongst the mining towns. Subsequently, arrangements had been made by the company to send him to several of these mining centres to settle some company affairs.

The stage, with six western bronchos all owned by the Red Gulch, Boulder-ville and Gold Nugget Stage Company was still, as it had been for years, the only medium of travel into the interior rough districts. On this particular day, the driver from the station into Boulderville, was not apparently over-anxious to leave the platform. Perhaps it was due to the fact that the stage had been robbed the day before by Jack Slade, "The Six-Shooter." Again, it may have been because of the decline in the passenger list, affected by this incident, which caused him to linger. Tilbury was just in the act of climbing into the driver's "box" when the driver drawled out.

"Wall, seein' as the Wells Fargo hez no express aboard to-day, we hev no guard."

"Why, my friend," queried Tilbury, "do you want a guard out here in this out-of-the-way place?"

The driver eyed him quizzically, as he also mounted the seat, caught the reins and released the brake with a single movement.

"So, I see you don't know much about this here robbery, eh, mister? Wall, I c'n swear it hapened all-right,

and one of the slickest pieces of devilly pulled off around these parts, tew."

With that the driver became as reticent as any of the wiry bronchos, much after the manner of drivers of his day. The stage had now emerged into the open country; a gleaming white road lay before them bounded on both sides by a comparatively wide valley with the foot hills of the mighty Sierras rising, as it were, tier upon tier, stretching out toward the infinite. Tilbury noted how man had wrought his works, even to the point where Nature declared it was inopportune to pass. The railroad, an official stamp of human handiwork, pursued the easy course of the valley, and, lay abreast of the beautiful little river which leapt along musically this summer morning. But, this picture was very apparent to him; he was getting anxious to find out more about the "hold-up."

"Ever touch life to old Bourbon?" he addressed the silent driver, who must have thought the world had surely gone "dry".

"Don't care if I do. Thanks. Yes, I'll hev a cigar, tew."

"Now, perhaps, you wouldn't mind telling me more about this affair of Jack Slade's?"

"Why, no, mister. I jest kind o' thought you bein' new aroun' here wouldn't keer to hear much on't."

"How did he treat the passengers, and, was anyone killed during the performance?"

"Warn't anybody killed," answered the driver, "but the feller who wuz drivin' wuz pretty bad 'shot up,' and,

is now in the Boulderville hospital. I will show you the place whar it happened, not far from here."

"The robber lined 'em up," he continued, "under a tree, an' relieved 'em of all unnecessary belongin's. Here an' there he apologized for havin' to take their valuables and treated 'em with some consideration, tryin' to ease their feelin's, I suppose. The driver who had offered some resistance wuz handled a bit rough, as I sed before. I hear as his friends are on Slade's trail an' intend lynchin' him, if caught."

The stage, had now arrived at the spot of the robbery; a stop of but a few moments was made to acquaint Mr. Tilbury with the surroundings.

As the stage started again the driver continued, "Thet's about all there was to it. Nobody ever seems able to ketch this man Slade and his gang, so, the company loses considerable from time to time."

"Does appear that a robber gang could lose themselves very quickly, in the forest growth amongst the cliffs and crags, around here."

It was just about noon as the lumbering stage and six horses came into Boulderville pulling up in front of the pretentious shack they had dubbed "the hotel." Lunch in this hostelry is a matter of some moment especially being re-inforced with some of Tung Wung's chow and a fat cigar thrown in. The driver shook hands with Tilbury and bade him "Good-day."

"Well, I'm sorry," said Tilbury, "I appreciated your company very much. Who takes the reins?"

"Mr. Watson, a jolly good fellow, in whom you will find a good companion."

Six fresh horses were hitched up after much treading and lungeing about,

when it was discovered that the driver had not yet put in his appearance.

"Where's Watson?" "Hustle him up," rang out here and there.

In the excitement of hitching the team they had probably forgotten to notify Watson. However, Watson suddenly appeared, climbed to his seat and coolly yelled, "Go!", not even touching his hands to the lines fastened to the brake. The horses plunged suddenly forward throwing aside the men holding them, starting into a run. The driver deliberately and slowly grasped the lines and loosened the brake apparently very much unconcerned.

"Stop!" "Whoa!" rang out behind. But, instead of heeding, the horses only increased the distance separating them from the crowd. Soon a turn in the road hid them from view, but it seemed to Tilbury that he still heard them crying after the vanishing coach.

Greatly amused at his independent action in defying the manager of the line, Tilbury turned to "size up" his man. He was a tall, dark, wiry, muscular man wit ha black, stubbly beard covering a pallid face, set off with eyes which glowed luminously like a cat's in the dark. His head wobbled from side to side and the edges of a scar, near the right temple, protruded from beneath the edge of his slouch hat, which was pulled low down on his forehead. His appearance was forbidding, even sinister. It seemed to Tilbury that the driver of the morning must have been joking. Surely this was not the sociable, or interesting, man he had expected to find.

To the offer of the flask he answered, "No, thank you, not today."

"Have a cigar then?"

"Thanks, but I don't care to smoke."

Tilbury lit a cigar and smoked alone in silence.

They were making the descent into the canyon on a very narrow road, which skirted the cliffs many hundreds of feet above a rushing river. The coach was being bumped along at a furious pace, now swaying this way, then that way, of times barely holding the road on two wheels as the horses pressed heavily on the traces at the short bends. It was plainly too much for Tilbury. No wonder he let escape a sigh unnoticed, as they came to a smoother stretch of road. He would try out his man again!

"How far is it to the next station?"

"We orter get there about three o'clock, dependin' on how fast the horses travel—an' they are hittin' a lively step now. It is some distance an' providin' we have luck we may make it by and by."

"I suppose you heard about the hold-up yesterday?" ventured Tilbury.

"Why, no. Wuz there a 'hold-up'. 'Pears funny. I never heard about it. Well, come to think of it, I guess I remember hearing about it," he continued. "Yeah, I seen the whole shootin' match. Well, I guess I wuz there, too."

Tilbury thought he was lying but didn't say as much. He paused long enough to relight his cigar, then resumed.

"Were you one of the passengers?"

"No."

"You surely weren't the driver? He got shot."

"Nope, I wuzn't the driver."

"Maybe the express messenger?"

"Well, if you weren't any of these men, whom I've enumerated, what were yon doing there?"

"Just loafin' aroun' as a spectator."

"Well, it seems——"

"Never mind stranger," he cut in, "don't be inquiren' about other people's business. When I tell you Iwuz there that orter settle it."

Tilbury was hurt. He saw that he had been deceived by the morning driver who pictured this man as such a pleasant companion. It seemed that he couldn't draw him out. He must make one more effort.

"Now, see here, Watson——"

"You're mistaken," he said, "My name ain't Watson."

"The deuce it isn't."

"They call me the 'Devils Driver of Red Gulch'; but, my real name is Mike Hogan," said he quietly.

Tilbury drew in his horns. He sat back and sulked. The stage had arrived now at the top of the divide and the view of the surroundings gave a pleasant sense of ease to him.

"They gave me my name because I've done so many hair-raisin' stunts with these here horses and coach. No man hereabouts can do one trick that I've been used to doing off'n' on for nigh onto three years now."

"We have," he continued, "a steep hill along this route which lays in long canyon. At one place the bluff is about a thousand feet high and the road around it is narrow. On the outer edge of the road and just at a sharp turn lays a boulder. My favorite pastime is to hex the horses, at a tight gallon, hit this rock with all the traces on the off side and hev the hubs of the coach touch, but not quite enough to upset. See?"

No. Tilbury didn't see. And furthermore he didn't want to see. What he did think, however, was that he was riding at this breakneck pace down the grade faster and faster every moment,

with a maniac. It was too late, now. He was rushing on toward the inevitable, powerless to stop the propelling force.

They were entering the dangerous stretch now. The horses were doing their best and the stage careened from side to side as though the least obstacle under the wheels would precipitate it into the yawning chasm, dropping a thousand feet below them.

"Yes, there is the boulder dead ahead, only a few moments more and we will reach it," thought Tilbury.

He turned to survey the man at his side hoping to make one least agonizing appeal for their lives, but, one glance told him it was useless. Hogan sat upright, eyes trained upon the road and the lines of his face drawn as tight as the lines he held in his hands. Not one ray of hope emanated from that maniac. Should he prepare to spring? What happened next gave sudden wings to that idea.

"At last! Go! Vamos! Vamos! Git out o' here!" shouted Hogan as he stood up, urging the horses to the last ounce.

It seemed to Tilbury that he never thought of so many wicked deeds before, as he did that moment. He must soon face a reckoning.

"How long would it take to reach the bottom? Who would be there to greet him when he landed, his body dismembered and a mass of mangled flesh?" These, and other thoughts passed through his mind like electric flashes.

Was it possible? They had passed the boulder. Every trace on the off side had hit in its order and two distinct thuds resounded as the hubs passed. The wheels of the near side were still off the ground, and, for the mo-

ment, apparently balanced in the air. Fortunately, the road straightened here and the stage returned to earth.

With that Tilbury breathed a long sigh of relief. The road broadened here and the decline was more gradual, slackening the pace of the team.

"I knowed I could do it ag'in," Hogan said quietly. "I done it every time for three year—except onct."

"What happened that time?"

There was no answer.

"Say, would you mind holdin' these here lines a moment. I believe I get off here."

The horses were still going a brisk trot when Hogan jumped off the coach. Tilbury fully expected to see him killed instead of landing right side up and on his feet. For a few seconds he stood there, surveying the road from both directions, carefully, then casting another glance in the direction of the disappearing coach he suddenly stepped to one side and was immediately lost to sight.

Should he stop, or keep on going? He was at once glad of his riddance, but he didn't exactly care for the responsibility into which he had been placed. The team aware, perhaps, of the absence of its accustomed driver began to gallop. Tilbury had his hands full for a while in his attempt to stop them, though the grade was not steep. After a brief, but severe, tussle he brought the team to a trot, congratulating himself that the country was becoming more level and that he was nearing Red Gulch.

Suddenly, as he came around a curve of the road, he was confronted by a dozen, or so, galloping horsemen. They quickly ranged themselves on either side of the road and ordered him to stop. He did.

"Throw up your hands!" Came the general order.

This was followed by more or less laughing, joking and swearing common to these mountain men. They were the rough bearded specimens of which Tilbury had often read—men to whom the practice of "stringing up" a fellow-creature was no more disagreeable than squashing an ordinary bar-room fly.

"Git up there, Pete, and get those bronchos."

Pete complied mechanically enough, while Tilbury could offer no resistance.

"Now then, Jack and Steve, search him for weapons," ordered the leader who gave promise of a little intelligence at least.

"No shootin'-irons on him," replied Steve after a few minutes examination.

"The hell you say," exploded the leader looking rather puzzled.

Tilbury demanded, now, an explanation for this effrontery and by what right they did this.

"Never mind, young man," replied the leader, "we see through your little game, so, you'd better come along with us to Red Gulch to stand trial."

The order to proceed was given and the procession moved on. During the ride into Red Gulch Tilbury attempted to glean some idea of what he was being suspected of from his convoyers. Each query was met with ridicule and laughter. Then, he was to find out nothing from them just now, that was apparent. He reasoned that he was being accused of horse-stealing—a most unpardonable crime—and also probably connected with robber Slade in some way.

Red Gulch was the usual type of Western mining town differing, perhaps, in some respects but possessing the characteristic atmosphere of such.

The main street was somewhat crowded with the usual curious "gang" of boys and men who were on hand to welcome the stage. As it drew up in front of the "Black Cloud" saloon, an old man hook-nosed and hawk-eyed separated the crowd and placed himself before the leader who addressed him as "Jedge."

"We resolved to take him dead or alive; but, it's queer, he carried no guns, no knife or any weapons whatever. He doesn't look like one of Slade's gang. Well, we've done our part, you do yourn. As far as I ken see he ain't worth the price of the rope to hang him on. I think he's off in the 'attic,' Jedge."

With this said, and a wave of his hand indicating disgust, the leader delivered Tilbury over to Judge Huxley.

He seemed irresistibly comical as the Judge laid his hand on the prisoner's arm, questioning him at the same time.

"So, you're the bold, bad man who ran off with the stage and six horses, be you?"

Tilbury disclaimed knowing anything about his accusation and shook off the offending hand.

"We saw that a telephone message from Boulderville said, 'Look out for a light-haired, doodish fellow who ran off with the coach,' and, here you be answering the description all right."

"Did they also say they sent the stage out with a lunatic for a driver?" demanded Tilbury.

This last remark produced some mirth and joking comment from the crowd. He could see that he did not have the crowd with him at all.

"No, you are laboring under a false impression. If you would reflect you might see what little use a coach and six horses would be to me. It is I who

has suffered, not you or the company. I will prove to you that all your suspicions are unfounded."

He related the story of his experience of a few hours since, at which they tossed their hats in the air amidst great laughter and gave vent to the most impolite shrieks and yells. Now, he was becoming scared, his knees shook like leaves in an autumn breeze, his voice faltered; however, he proceeded with his narrative right to the end. He realized that his auditors had reasonable foundation for this mirthful incredulity.

"You're a good one," said Judge Huxley. "Well, boys," he continued, "Come along and lets talk it over. We'll settle this right now."

A good-sized crowd had gathered before the Judge's shanty by now and such uncomplimentary remarks as have been put down were general. To be the butt of a joke, or the object of ridicule, is enough for any man besides being also the object of condemnation. It must be admitted that Tilbury stood the scathing denunciations very well.

"Slickest liar ever been in these parts."

"Queer lookin' duck but he don't look like a hoss thief."

"You bet he's as crazy as a loon."

"Hey, you greasers, there! Make way for the stage." Yelled the new driver who had supplied another team and was prepared to resume the journey.

Tilbury did not stir as the driver shouted "All aboard!" He had his eyes on Judge Huxley who was approaching the group, evidently with the result of the deliberation.

"Prisoner, you are guilty as charged, but, under extenooatin' circumstances. I'm justice of the peace, but the wheels

of Justice are mostly greased by public opinion, so you can see how the land lies. I'll let you go. Some of 'em thinks you are in cahoots with Slade, but they can't prove it. We'll let you loose if you'll treat all around."

This, Tilbury did gladly. All the old servants of justice marched into the "Black Cloud" saloon and proceeded to accept of his generosity. Within a few moments he was out, mounted upon the stage and bidding farewell to the populace. The citizens didn't care, for after all he was a good sport. He had "come across" hadn't he? They returned his farewell with yells and revolver-shots which bore their stamp of appreciation. In its way, Red Gulch is a happy place, and, Tilbury hopes to revisit it some day under more peaceful circumstances.

They rode in silence for ten minutes when the driver finally said, "that was a dead, cold bluff of yourn, pardner. But it worked all right, just the same. You see this mysterious gink has been dead these two weeks—two weeks ago today he wuz hilled. He used to dew that fool trick you told of—skinned the boulder ev'ry day for three year. He's skeered more than a hundred wimmen pashengers into fits. Because of this the company discharged him, but took him on again, as he was allright exceptin' the idea of trying to shave that rock. But they say he drew too close and plunked right into it, threw him off the seat and into' the gulch. Killed him deader 'n' old Ebenezer."

"Nevertheless, I rode with him today," replied Tilbury.

"I told the boys about my experience of the day but they were hot over it," he went on to say, "they thought I was crazy. 'Mountain air sometimes has

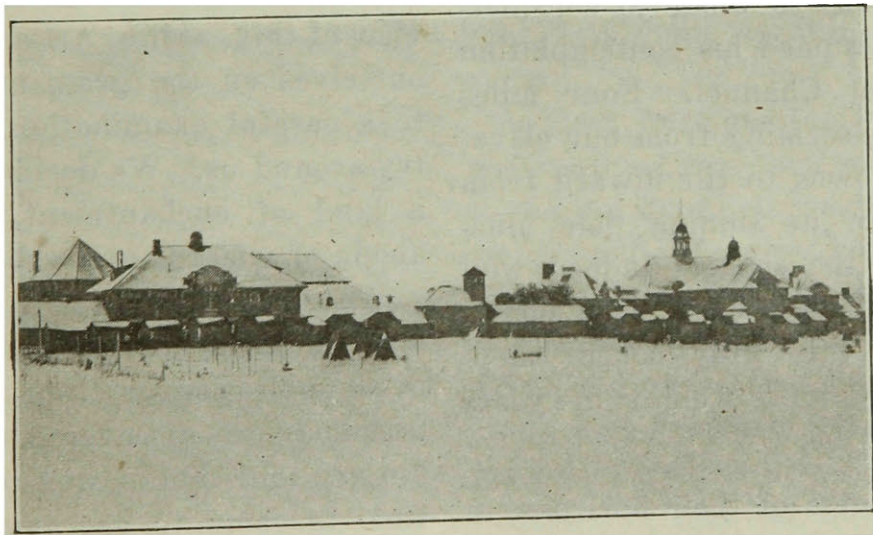
that effect,' they insisted. Wouldn't believe a word of it."

"There is no doubt he is dead," the driver reasserted, "Because I saw him lyin' there with his skull crushed and body mashed into a pulp. He's as dead as Christopher Colombus."

"Thanks. Sure I drink. Here's to yer health, stranger! Pretty good stuff. Will I hev a cigar? Sure. You

ain't ridin' with no ghost this trip, mister. Ain't that a lovely sunset? See, how it flames along the mountains! Drat the dogs, but that's a daisy."

In the course of time Tilbury completed his tour and returned to Sacramento. However, for weeks afterward in his dreams, he took wild rides down Long Canyon in company with the phantom Devil's Driver of Red Gulch.



Macdonald Under Snow.

THE ANCIENT SHEPHERD

Second Prize Story

By R. R. McKIBBIN, Agr. '23.

Art and I had left camp at three o'clock, and, walking steadily, had now, at five in the afternoon, worked our way well inland from the Channel. Sussex was at its best. The two hours had been filled for us with quiet enjoyment of golden June sunshine, yellow gorse, purple heather, and all the sweet sights, sounds and smell of the Sussex downlands in Summer.

In the first half-hour of our walk we had met many other fellows in kha-ki, but since then we had seen but one human being. Coming suddenly upon him in the hollow of a long valley, an old weather-beaten and picturesque shepherd, tending a flock of many hundred Southdowns, nibbling all about him, had recognized our existence by a brief glance. And then, his time being too precious to waste in considering us, had resumed his contemplation of the distant Channel. Four miles distant it lay, seeming from our elevation on the downs to tilt inward from the horizon in its shining pale blueness to meet the shore. Indeed well worth the contemplation of even such a wise man as this gray-locked shepherd's dignity and weight of years showed him to be.

In the wideness of their horizons, in their loneliness, in the peculiar way the wind creeps over their short grasses, in their infinite hush and aloofness from the world, the South Downs of Sussex are unique.

Yet they do not extend very far inland. Six miles walking had, at five o'clock brought us to their highest

point. Behind us the green expanse of turf, dotted with gorse clumps and heather in the valleys, sloped away smoothly to the blue English Channel. A pocket road map showed us that we must be on Firle Beacon, from which flared in 1588 a warning to all of Sussex of the advent of the Spanish Armada; and that we were here 700 feet above sea-level. That red patch far off to the right, behind us, must be the roofs of Eastbourne. To the left, behind us, lies Newhaven, Britain's munitions port, more indistinct than Eastbourne because of its background of towering cliffs, though less distant by half-a-dozen miles.

To the left in front, eight miles away, is Lewes, where Simon de Montfort met his doom. Being by nature lazy fellows and capable of appreciating a view of this calibre, Art and I stretched ourselves on the grass and proceeded to a careful examination of the country around us. We decided that it was a land of enchantment, and the fit abode of wizards and goblins.

We must have spent nearly two hours in enjoyment of the scenery and in amiable conversation, when simultaneously we discovered that we were hungry and that it was too late to return to camp to get anything to eat. So we decided to look for an eating-place.

Down the slope in front we rushed. The downs here break smoothly and sharply away, 500 feet at least, to a pleasant, fertile, well-wooded country. The chalk hillsides of Sussex are as smooth and slippery as glass and on

them gravity is aided greatly by acceleration.

From above, the country had looked level. Once down the slope, however, we found ourselves on a gently undulating plain. An old Roman road skirted the base of the mighty hill we had just descended. In great disrepair, grass in some parts, yet undoubtedly it over-grown completely with moss and had once resounded to the martial tread of Britain's first conquerors. We followed this ancient road, amidst the gathering shades of evening, until we saw in front of us a typical Sussex inn.

"A typical Sussex inn"—what a picture these words conjure up in front of one! Rose-covered, rambling, thatched, with leaded diagonal panes in its windows, and with red-tiled walks, with the cleanness and brightness of a new pin—well might a writer attempting its description throw down his pen in despair. The name of this inn, as well as its appearance, upheld the best traditions of Sussex inns. It was "The Cricketers' Arms."

One circumstance we noted and commented on as being peculiar. Although possessing a well-tended air, there seemed no signs of life about the inn. Nor, since passing the old shepherd far back on the downs, had we encountered a single living soul.

By now it was quite dusk. No cheery light nor sound of voices came from the inn. No sound broke the stillness of the evening save from far off, where the sunset glow lay primrose-like in the West, a colony of rooks were vociferously disputing something.

We walked up to the closed inn door and beat a heavy tattoo with the knocker. No sound nor movement ensued. Nothing daunted by one failure to get response we knocked again,

more loudly. After some time a slow, shuffling step came up to the door, we heard the sound of a key turning in the lock, and the door opened. Out peered an old man's face with a background of wintry hair.

"What dost 'ee wa-aant?" The voice was harsh, yet low-pitched and was not altogether that of an old man. "Can you let us have a bite to eat?" we said. For answer the old man moved aside and motioned to us to enter. Where had I seen this old chap's face before? Art interrupted my mental question by whispering to me, "Say, Mac, do shepherds usually run an inn as a side-line?" Art was right, this was the old man whom we had met tending sheep on the downs.

In the dusk he led us into a wainscotted dining room, drew two chairs from beside the table and indicated by a nod his wish to see us seated. We sat down. It was really dark inside the inn now, and yet the old man had no light. Without speaking he left the room.

A most uncomfortable feeling had possessed me ever since we had knocked at the inn door. It was a sense of unreality and of some hidden menace. The absence of light, the silence, the damp, musty feeling of the room, the weird old man, the loneliness of the place, had evidently affected my companion as well as myself.

After we had sat quietly for some minutes in the gloomy blackness Art spoke. "I don't believe that old geezer'll get us anything to eat anyhow." I said, "I agree with you. Let's beat it out of here as quickly and as quietly as we can."

And then, without any previous warning, the air was suddenly filled with the most hideous and terror-in-

spiring sound human ears have ever heard. We jumped to our feet and faced the direction from which the noise came. Shouts, groans, cries in different languages and wild, hysterical laughter filled the air, blending in one volume of sound, and all seeming to come from the room into which the old man had disappeared. The sound ceased entirely as suddenly as it had started, and the gloom and silence settled around us more oppressively than before.

Together Art and I went to the door of the room from which the sounds had come, and opened it. We never passed its threshold. A faint blue radiance lit the whole place, which evidently was a private living-room, but had now bare walls and floors. In the centre of the room stood a figure, its back to us, facing the further wall. It was the old shepherd. Yet different from before in his dress and manner.

He was dressed in a loose, flowing white garment, reminding me of a priest's accoutrements. In his right hand he bore a short, broad, knife-like sword, which shone dully in the faint blue light. There was a tremendous air of grandeur about the man. In front of him was an aperture in the wall of the room, large enough to drive a team of horses through. Through it we could clearly see the trunk of a mighty oak tree. As we watched, the old man bowed to the ground before the oak, thrice in rapid succession.

Again the wild, despairing cries filled the air. The old man turned and saw us. With nothing feeble in his movements now, which were rather like those of a panther, he ran at us, swinging up his sword. We turned and ran like hares before a hound. Fortunately we were both in good

training and had done some running before. But never before had either of us run like this. Out the front door and down the old Roman road we went, without a pause till we had half ascended the great hill we had come down a short time before. With bursting lungs we were forced to stop and recover our breath, but after that, with nothing to stop us, we kept going like mad beneath the starry sky until we reached our hut in camp at half-past nine exactly. We were supperless and "all in," but highly content to be alive.

Of course, when we told them, the boys kidded us tremendously about the whole affair, said "the 'Bass' was getting stronger," "'Guinness' was putting more kick in it," etc., but we two knew that what we had gone through was not the effect of anything we had drunk.

The next Saturday afternoon Art and I retraced our steps. This time we met no old shepherd. We reached the old Roman road with hours of daylight to spare, and followed it to its junction with the London-Eastbourne pike road, but found no inn upon it of any description. At a point which to both of us seemed to coincide exactly with the location of "The Cricketers' Arms," there stood the most immense oak tree which I have ever seen. Beneath it lay a huge limestone slab, which, in that chalk country, is in itself a curiosity.

Some weeks later Art and I were talking to an old farmer who had lived in the vicinity of the Firle all his life. He was a remarkably keen old fellow and drew from us the whole of our experiences at "The Cricketers' Arms," which by this time had received such ridicule that we were almost afraid to

tell it. The old man did not laugh. He said, "You are lucky lads to be alive this day. It is clear to me that you have met the 'Ancient Shepherd,' and are but the second case of escape from his snare."

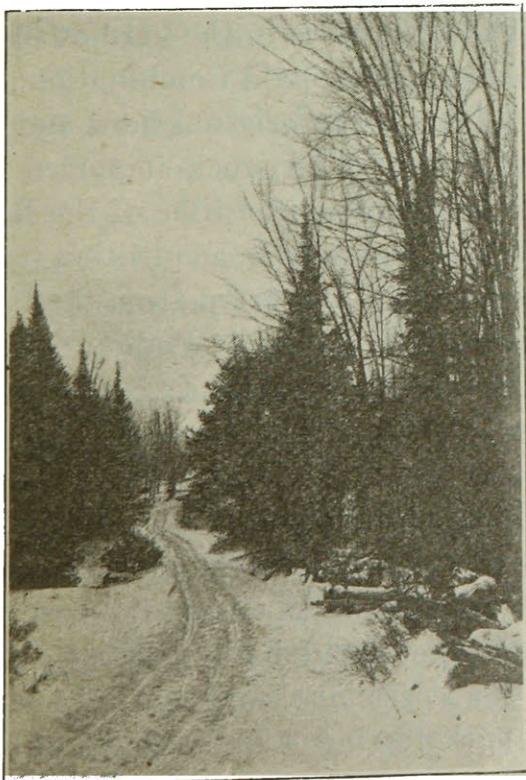
He then went on to tell us the Sussex version of the legend of the "Wandering Jew." The tale runs that down through the ages the spirit of a Druid priest has survived in human flesh. The form he takes is that of an old shepherd, who, watching his chance to snare belated travellers by any enchantment whatsoever, sacrifices them to his gods at "The Druid's Oak." The tree, with its stone slab, is a show-place to strangers, but a place of secret dread to the natives. All cases of people found dead on the downs

through unknown causes are accounted by local people to be sacrifices of the "Ancient Shepherd." Many indeed have been the dead people so found. The belief in this legend is deeply rooted in the minds of local people.

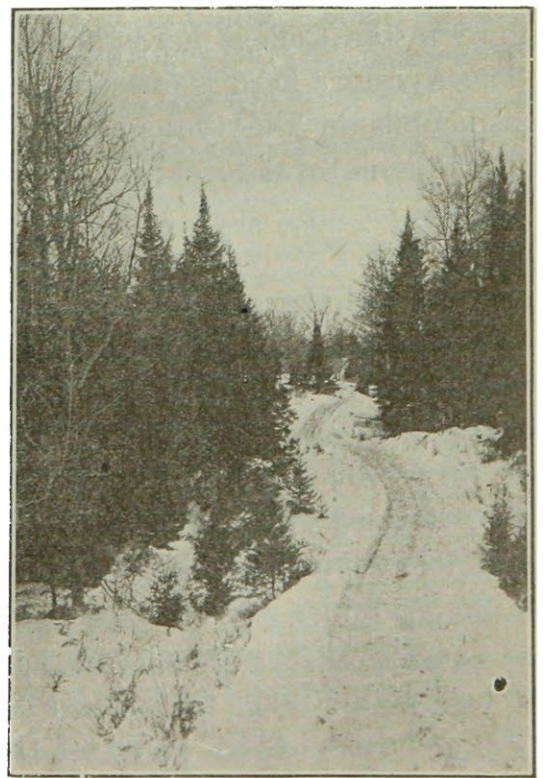
One man besides ourselves, who lives today, has first met "The Ancient Shepherd," later gone to the "Cricketers' Arms," and there been warned by the dismal cries of past slaughtered victims in time to escape sacrifice. He is a gardener by trade, and formerly shot many rabbits on the downs, but of late years he has a shuddering horror of lonely places.

The Sussex Downs are enchanting in their solitude, in their wistful, elusive beauty, and in their ridiculous (yet sometimes strangely true) traditions.

The third prize story, "A Tale of the Western Seas" written by H. R. Argell will appear in the next issue.



The Road to "Morgan's Hill".



'Morgans Hill'

hour, Burford, Ont. The two Yorkshire boars in the herd at the present time were bred by Mr. A. Dynes of Ottawa. One, Parkdale Hero, is by the imported boar Dal Meny Marengo, from the Dal Meny herd in Scotland. This boar was champion at the Central Canada Exhibition in 1921.

In Berkshires, the breeding has been finally confined to one family of females called the Macdonald Flossie's. They are all descended from a Berkshire sow that was purchased from the Late Thos. Teasdale of Concord, Ont., in the early days of the College. Mr. Teasdale was perhaps the outstanding Berkshire breeder of his time in Canada; this original sow, Concord Flossie, was a winner at the Toronto Exhibition the year she was purchased for

the College. During the development of the herd a number of boars have been purchased from the Teasdale herd, now owned by Mr. Frank Teasdale. The two boars in the College herd at the present time were both purchased from Mr. Teasdale and are by the same sire, an American bred boar called Superb Duke 2nd. On the dam's side the boars are bred from Canadian families, although in these families there is some American blood, in one case Gentry blood being fairly conspicuous. The type of Berkshire developed in the College herd is distinctly a Canadian type; and while American blood has been introduced through the sires, a selection has been made with a view to preserving the essential features of the Canadian Berkshires.

Poultry Husbandry Department

ONE outstanding feature developed in recent investigations on the economics of food production has been the relative importance of the poultry industry as a factor in producing human food economically. The poultry industry is now regarded as a national necessity because eggs constitute one of the most important articles of the diet of the nation. From the human dietary standpoint, eggs are regarded as next in importance to milk, inasmuch as they are one of the very few human foods that contain the essentials for growth. The per capita consumption of eggs is increasing annually; and since a good laying hen is one of the most economical producers of human food, it is not only natural that the relative value of the poultry industry, in supplying the nation with

a large quantity of good food products, has been greatly enhanced.

An experimentalist and investigator of high standing, who has had the opportunity of making a very close study of the food situation has said that, "The studies we have conducted have made it increasingly clear that the day of the large unit, such as the beef animal, in the production of necessary foods of animal origin, is rapidly passing. The steer is too uneconomic a transformer of energy to last long as a chief source of animal foods for mankind. The war very much accentuated this development and has turned our attention to the relatively greater economy in the production of smaller units such as poultry.

"With a steady increase in popula-

tion, in proportion to the habitable area of the earth, there is bound to be a turn more and more towards the smaller unit as a producer of food. Among all such animals poultry is preeminent; but in order to maintain this position we must have highly developed poultry."

Eggs represent one of the few articles of food of animal origin produced in natural package ready for consumption. As long as the shell is unbroken the egg cannot be adulterated; and under the most efficient methods of marketing the original high quality is largely pre-

served. The egg is a perishable product; but of all foods, fresh eggs are among the most palatable, easily digested and readily assimilated, and therefore there can be no substitute for such an unique commodity. The steady improvement in the quality of eggs as they reach the consumer has given rise to an increased demand with market prices being maintained at a relatively higher level than for many other staple food products, all of which will lead to a much more highly developed poultry industry.

Live Stock Items of Interest

"Speaking of Heifers"

A heifer was made grand champion of the finished fat animal class at the International Fat Stock Show, held at Chicago last month.

This item is especially worthy of note, because it is the first time in the history of the show that a heifer ever won this class. The heifer is a senior yearling, and though smaller than some of the steers in the class, was unexcelled in quality and finish. She is a grade animal, being a cross between an Angus and a Shorthorn. She was exhibited by the University of California and was one of the centers of interest at the show after she was made champion.

A REMARKABLE RECORD.

The Percheron horse "Laet" and his progeny made a remarkable record at the International this year. The horse "Laet" was grand champion, his son was junior and reserve champion, whilst two other sons were first in their class. This is a record that has never been equalled before and one that will be difficult to surpass.

A record like this testifies to the greatness of any horse; and in "Laet" the Percheron breed has a very valuable sire.

The Marketing of Hogs

By J. B. SMITH, Agr., '23.

The Dominion Swine Conference held at Ottawa, recently, was marked by the strong cooperative spirit of the delegates and was productive of results which will be of great significance to both producer and exporter of bacon in this country. The meeting unanimously expressed its approval of the principle of the compulsory grading of hogs, under government supervision, at all stockyards and abattoirs. Almost of equal importance was the resolution to establish a differential of ten per cent in the price of hogs of select bacon type over the smooth thick type of the same weight.

These decisions will have a very beneficial influence on the development of the Canadian bacon trade with England. The permanence and value of this trade depends mainly on an abundant supply of a uniform and a high quality class of bacon hogs. Canada, in the past, has had a certain amount of high quality bacon to export; but the supply has not been uniform or of sufficient quantity to enable our exporters to compete successfully with other bacon-producing countries. The application of the resolution passed at Ottawa will do more than anything else to adjust this undesirable state of affairs, and enable the exporter to handle a product, which, by its quality and uniformity, will command a much higher price in the British market.

The significance of the results achieved at the Conference does not concern the export industry alone, however. The hog raiser will also have to regulate his breeding and feeding operations in order to take advantage of the new grading system. The select bacon hog will be the most profitable type to raise, and the selection of breeding stock must be carried on with this in view. In feeding, instead of letting hogs of good conformation go to market as **lights**, the hog raiser will be well repaid for keeping them until they make the weight required in the select bacon class. On the other hand, however, he will soon realize that the heavy hog will bring relatively smaller return than the lighter bacon type.

The new system also requires consideration as a distinct advance in cooperative effort. The cooperative movement amongst farmers is spreading rapidly, not because it is a fact or a fancy, but because of the economic benefits connected with it. Like all cooperative enterprises, however, this new step will undoubtedly meet with difficulties and with problems which will require tolerance and patience, as well as constructive thought, to arrive at agreeable solutions. The packers and producers should, therefore, be willing to overlook petty differences in order that they may be mutually benefited in the end.



“Flexibility”

By Dr. McROSTIE.

“The best laid plans o’ mice and men
Gang aft a’glee—”

FLEXIBILITY is an undesirable quality in a concrete pillar, a front tooth, or a plow point, but a desirable asset in a pair of suspenders, our college regulations, or our general agricultural practices. Such a statement may, or may not, give any conception of what is involved in the term flexibility; so that for the enlightenment of those who still remain in the dark, we may say that for our purpose this term denotes the ability to become adapted to altered circumstances.

No truer statement has been uttered than the quotation of Burns’ cited at the beginning of this article. Seldom, or never, do our plans for the future turn out according to our expectations or specifications. Some unforeseen circumstance turns up which makes necessary the alteration of our plans. It may be that some other fellow married the girl we thought was going to be ours, and we have to face the alternative of remaining among the ranks of the rejected, or trying our good fortune with some other fair damsel; it may be that the cows broke into the corn field and destroyed, along with the corn, our fond hopes of a bumper crop and an accompanying financial boom, or it may be that Providence, in the form of the weather man, stepped in and interfered with our calculations. In each of the incidences mentioned, the result of the necessitated change in plans due to unforeseen circumstances will depend largely on how well the person in question is able to adapt him-

self, or herself, to the altered conditions.

Let me illustrate:—Patrick Murphy was born in the City of New York. As a boy he had many and varied visions of what he should be and accomplish when he had grown to manhood. One dream finally took precedence over the others. Patrick was to become a politician. Now, to become a politician, meant, in the mind of Patrick at least, that he must be, as a man, tall, fat, and good looking. As the years rolled on Patrick still retained his passionate desire to become, eventually a politician, but greatly to his disappointment and disgust, do what he would, he continued to be homely, short, and thin. Despair succeeded disappointment and disgust until finally he almost gave up as a forlorn hope his prospects of ever entering the political field. One day as he was walking up a hill in the vicinity of his home, he noticed a Ford car stuck on the hillside, unable to proceed farther because it had too little gas in the tank. Surely, thought Patrick, this poor Ford is in almost the same predicament as my political aspirations. Very soon, however, the little old Ford was turned around and was backed up the hill which it was not equipped to take in the regular manner. Again Patrick thought to himself, but this time with hope springing up in his heart, “if the Ford out there can conquer, why shouldn’t I? If I haven’t the equipment to go straight up the political hill as a large, handsome, fat politician, why, I will back up if necessary as a little, homely, thin advocate of public rights.” Needless to

say Patrick Murphy became a shining political light as a loyal supporter of the Tammany party. Ultimate success was reached only when Patrick decided to adapt himself to circumstances as they existed.

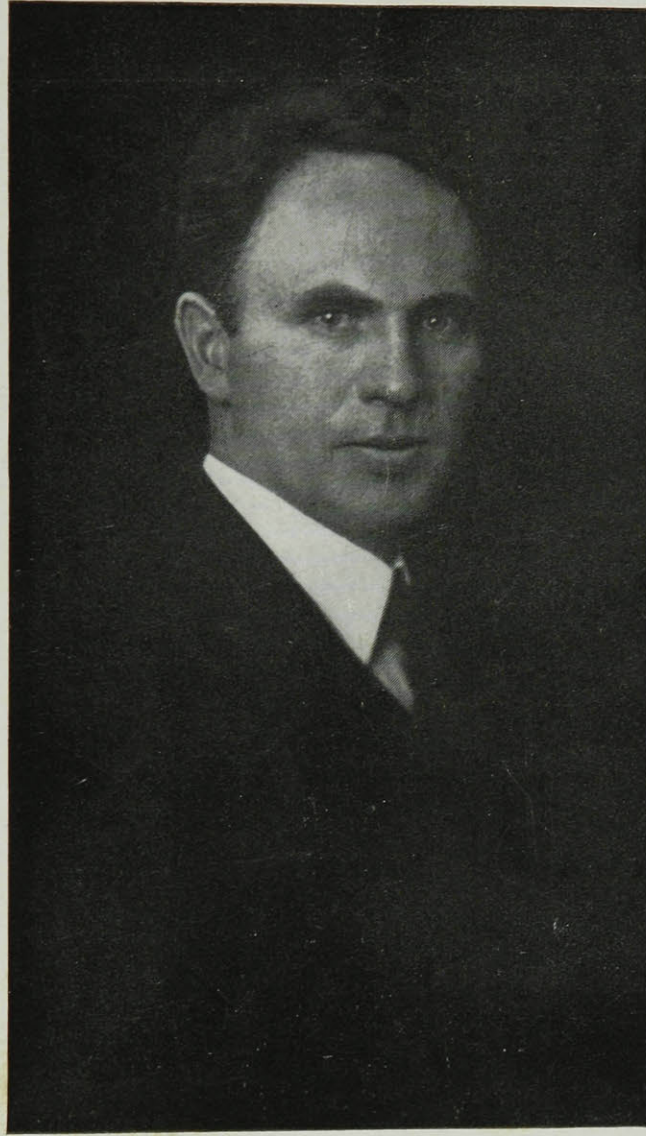
As one of our poets has very aptly put it, "It's not the fact that you're hurt that counts. It's how did you take it?" The writer knew of a young man who had mapped out for himself a career as a banker, but ill health interfered with his plans to such an extent that he was forced to abandon the banking profession for some employment that would allow him to be more in the open air. Although at first bitterly disappointed and greatly discouraged, he decided to adapt himself to the changed circumstances. The result is that today he is making a wonderful success of growing wheat in the Western Provinces.

In almost all walks of life it is our ability to adapt ourselves to circumstances as we find them that determines our success or failure. This is particularly true of our various farming operations. Perhaps we would like to grow corn on our farm but it is better adapted to growing turnips. If we persist in trying to grow corn our at-

tempt at farming will probably be a failure, but if we decide to grow the crop for which our land is best suited, success will probably be our lot. If we find that a certain field is too wet to give a crop of Timothy, why not seed it with some other variety of grass that is better adapted to moist conditions? If you cannot ripen Wisconsin No. 7 corn, why not try the Quebec No. 28? Such instances might be cited for almost all phases of our agricultural activities. In each of them the important fact is not that the original circumstances have changed, but rather the manner in which these changed circumstances have been met.

Now that the election results are known, there will be an excellent opportunity for many people to demonstrate their flexibility. The fact that the Government received such a decided defeat is proof that a great many were flexible enough to change from good Conservatives to enthusiastic Liberals. For those who thought that the salvation of the country lay in the re-election of the Conservative party or the election of the Progressive party, there will be a chance for them to show their possibilities of flexibility by being good Canadians under the leadership of Mr. King.





THE LATE G. E. EMBERLEY.

IN MEMORIAM

In the death of Mr. G. E. Emberley, which occurred on New Year's Eve, Macdonald College loses a valuable lecturer, and the community a well-known and respected member. Since the opening of the College in 1907, Mr. Emberley has been in charge of the departments of Manual Training and Agricultural Engineering; and by the students, both past and present, of the three schools that go to make up Macdonald College, will his absence be noticed with regret.

George Everton Emberley was born at Yarker, Ontario, and took his high school work at Newburg, a village some five miles distant. Upon completing his high school work Mr. Emberley took up the duties of teaching, spending several years in this work in various rural schools.

It was during this period that he was married at Yarker, to Miss Emily Wedlake, of Cardiff, Wales, who died on July 14th, 1917.

About 1900 Mr. Emberley attended Normal School at Ottawa, taking the ordinary teachers' course and Manual Training. After graduating he taught Manual Training in the schools of Westmount and Montreal, before joining the staff of Macdonald College.

Since taking up his work here, Mr. Emberley has taken courses in forging, farm machinery, drainage and surveying at Boston, Mass., and during the late war he served as Inspector of Shells for the Eastern District, Canada.

In July 1919 Mr. Emberley was married to Miss May Evans of St. John, N. B. He is survived by Mrs. Emberley, and by his four children, Kenneth, Hugh, Dorothy and Marion.

Mr. Emberley will be remembered by his pupils as an interesting lecturer and a careful workman.

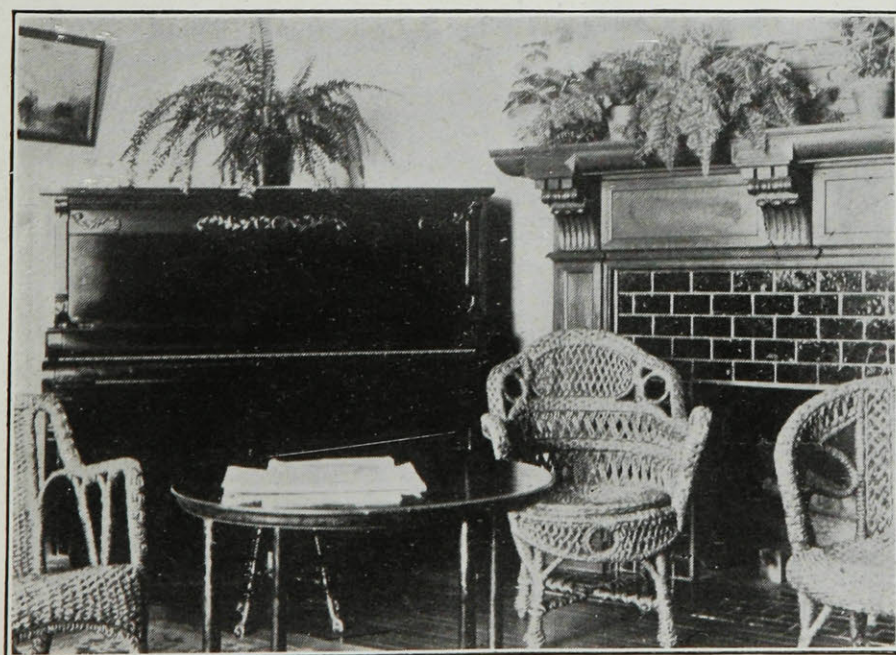


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The Magazine Board.



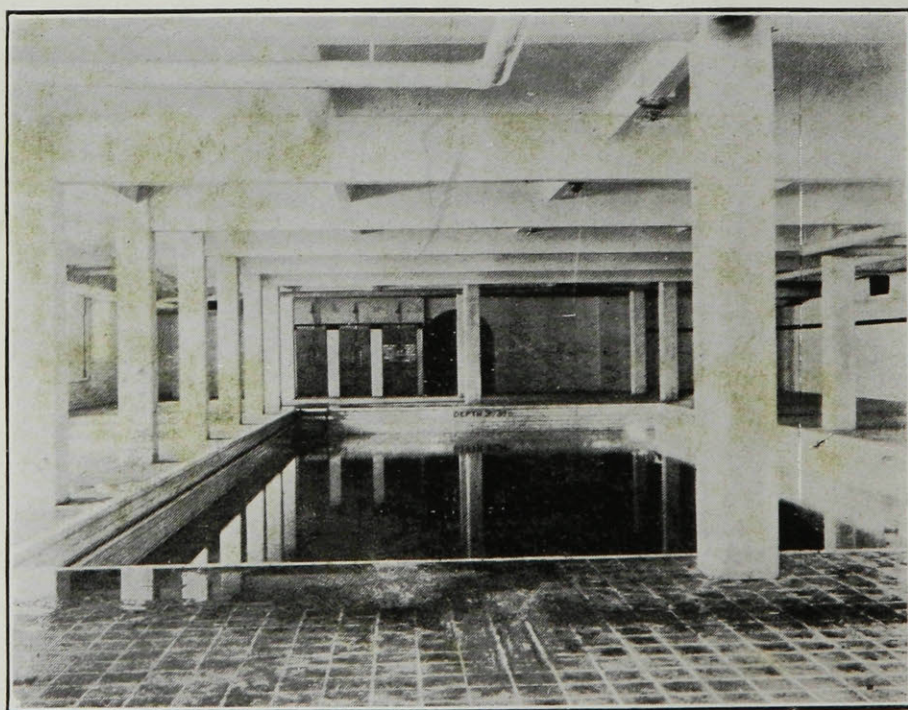
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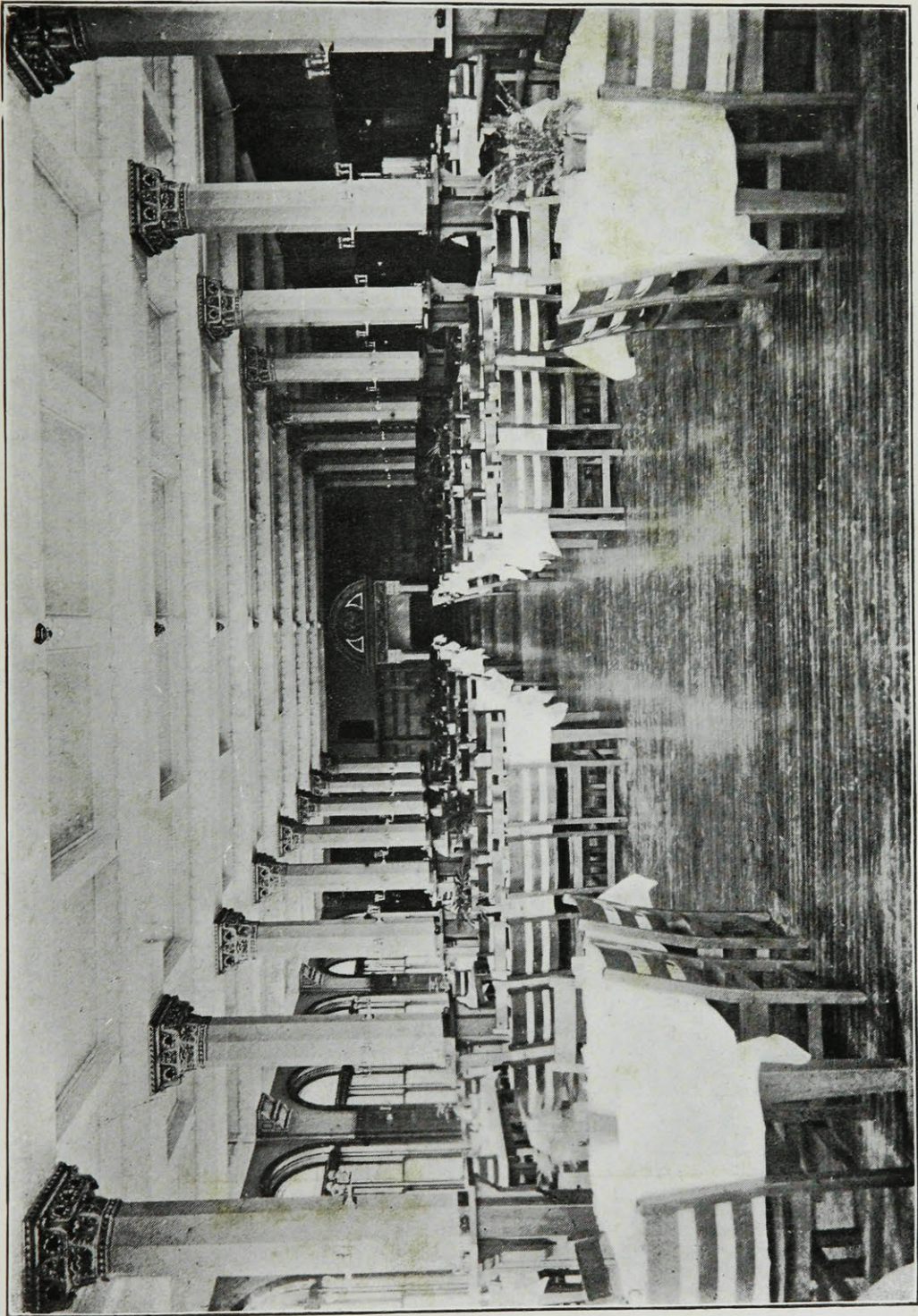
A Corner of the Women's Residence.



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 M. Taber M. Le Mesurier L. Rice
 H. Beech R. Hamilton



The Swimming Tank — Women's Residence.



The College Dining Hall.



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The Autumn Science Short Course.

Helen Harrison
Margaret Masten

Dorothy Bloomfield
Milne Bennett



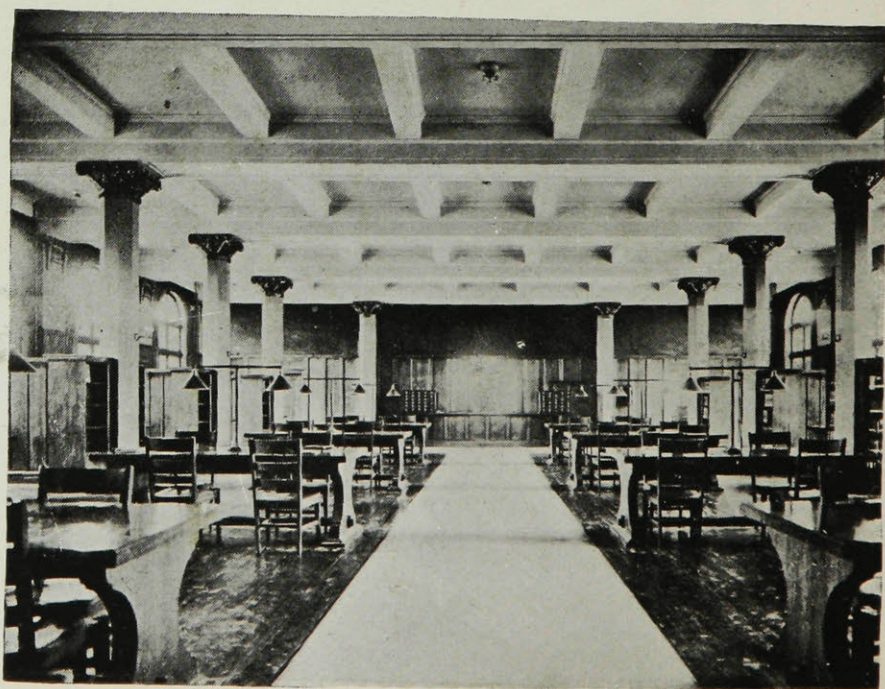
The Gates of Macdonald.



The College Rink.



Whose Room?



The Library.

THE MACDONALD COLLEGE MAGAZINE

"Mastery for Service"

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS.

VOL. XII.

DECEMBER-JANUARY

No. 2

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EDITORIAL

THE STORY WRITING COMPETITION.

The story writing competition held under the auspices of the Literary Society was a decided success.

The number of entries was larger than last year and what is more gratifying the stories show more talent and effort than did the stories of last year's competition.

The first and second prize stories are published in this issue of the magazine together with a valuable criticism submitted by the judges; Mrs. Lynde, Mr. S. N. R. Hodgins and Mr. Percival.

CHANGES.

Before the last term closed, two classes graduated from Macdonald, the Elementary class and the Autumn Science short course. To the members of these classes we wish every success and good fortune.

With the new term comes, two new classes. We extend a most hearty welcome to these new students and trust that Macdonald with its many opportunities will appeal to them.

A LOSS TO MACDONALD.

It is with much sorrow that we record the death of Mr. Emberly, which occurred on Dec. 31st. last after a long illness. Mr. Emberly was head of the Department of Agricultural Engineering from the time the college was founded. His death has brought sorrow to many friends at Macdonald. Older students missed him from the College during his long illness. Our sincere sympathy is extended to Mrs. Emberly and the family.

FAREWELL.

With the publication of the present number of the magazine, the male members of the Board retire.

Our term of office, during which four magazines were published, has been fruitful of experience which we value. We have endeavoured with the co-operation of the students to uphold the standard of the magazine. The task of publishing the magazine is not an easy one, and demands much of the spare time from members of the board.

Financially, the magazine is somewhat stronger than it was a year ago, having a small balance on the right side.

In spite of much ambitious discussion no proper system of bookkeeping has been instituted and no definite editorial policy has been established for the magazine. These problems we pass to the new board, but with the assurance of help, if desired, in solving them.

Exchanges

There is a true saying that 'exchange is no robbery,' and it certainly applies here. We all like to have good things said about us, but the editor of a college publication goes further. He likes to hear the bad points of his magazine or paper as well, so that he can correct them—if present. He is always open to suggestions for improvement, especially from other college papers.

The **King's College Record** has some clever articles, that on 'style' being by far the best. The poem, "Our Return," is very simply written, but shows great depth of feeling. The attractiveness of the Record would be increased considerably by using a few cuts.

In the O.A.C. Review is a very instructive summary of the best Canadian novelists with a few of their most well known books. This is especially appropriate, coming as it does just be-

fore the observation of Author's Week.

As a high school production, **The Whisp** is well above the average. The literary department is strong, but student activities could be given more space, so as to give balance to the paper.

A pleasing feature of the **Saint Andrew's College Review** is the large number of cuts. The title page is rather plain, a good cut would work wonders.

The Argus is well got up, but rather small. A few longer articles or stories would make it more interesting; as it stands it is simply a record of the school activities with some jokes to lighten it somewhat.

The purpose of the **Maroon and White** seems to be to take life as a joke. There is too much evidence of the "sports sheet" type of write-up, but the talent is there.

-- Our Wider Interest --

Edited by T. E. McOUAT.

Some Thoughts for the Farm Boy

THE most important time in the life of a boy is when he chooses his life occupation. Many factors tend to influence him at this time, among which are the advice of his parents and teachers. This should be given careful consideration but the final decision should be made by the boy himself.

Many boys, who give little thought to this matter, are inclined at the last minute to take the advice of some older person, whom they respect, but many of them live to regret the day. There are also many who never make the decision but drift along aimlessly through life. Some are successful but the majority are failures and as a result live an unhappy life.

Every one of you boys should decide, before you leave school, on the occupation in which you will be of the most use to the world as well as to yourself. This does not necessarily mean the one by which you can make the most money. Even if you are successful in amassing wealth, and in having all the luxuries that you could want, you will not be happy nor contented, nor of the most use to humanity, unless the work in which you are engaged interests you.

If some of you boys on the farm are sure that you prefer some other occupation to farming and are sure that you

can make a success of it, then enter that occupation. There are many boys however, who do not give agriculture a fair trial, but judge it simply by its disadvantages never thinking of the pleasures that are to be had in farm work. Any occupation can be made to look unattractive if you simply count up its disadvantages and never look on its brighter side.

To you boys in the country, who have intentions of remaining on the farm; start at once and take an interest in the work. If you live on a farm, persuade your father to let you have charge of at least one branch. Let us suppose it is looking after the horses. Find out all you can about them, how they should be fed and cared for. Ask your neighbors what they feed and how much of it. Ask your father as well. When you feel that you are able to take care of the horses, change over to the cattle and do the same with them. If you have any love for animals you will be surprised how much you will learn about them in this way. If you have not you will soon find it out too.

When you have decided definitely that you like the farm life, and feel that you will be able to make a success of it, you should strive to some day attend an agricultural college. An agricul-

tural college education is more desirable today than ever, if you are to make farming pay. Every day this becomes more necessary, since plant diseases and insect enemies are becoming so prevalent that, without a full knowledge and understanding of their habits and methods of attack, little can be grown on the land. In these times also, when every turn on the farm counts, it is very essential that you know the best varieties as well as those best adapted

to your part of the country if you are to reap full reward for your labor.

Think your future over carefully, boys, and if you decide that you like farming or some other line of agricultural work, make up your mind that you will attend an agricultural college after you leave school. Why not plan now to make a visit to Macdonald this winter, and see what it really looks like and find out what goes on here? Your trip will be worth while.

Winter Sports and Recreation for the Boys and Girls at School

Some Suggestions.

WELL, "Here we are again," as the old cats say when they meet at the ticklish mouse hole. The editor of the Wider Interests section of this magazine has asked me to write something about games or other competitions you folks could play at school during the winter months. I don't know what he has against me, or you, but he seems to light on me each time for an "article" that will be of interest to you. He's a little bigger than I am so perhaps that's the reason I always say, "All right." Anyhow I always say it.

But to go back to those cats we left at the ticklish mouse hole, what would happen if that mouse showed just the tip of his nose? Have the cats gone to sleep? Or are they having a terrible dispute as to which one is keeping the mouse in? Or are they, though seemingly stupid and lifeless, set just like steel-traps?—Did you ever see a cat hesitate the slightest fraction of a second? Doesn't its whole body work just like a catapult, even the roll of the

tail helping to give it speed and sureness of aim? "Sure!" you will say, and you're right. But how did the cat get this alarming amount of self-control, speed and accuracy of aim! You think it was just born in her? No, sir, you're wrong! If you had taken your best mouser when a kitten, kept her away from all other cats, prevented her from roaming around and from all kinds of play, do you think she would have been the cat she is? You can remember how she used to play with you and would chase anything chaseable from your rubber ball to your mother's ball of yarn. And didn't she used to jump like fun, just for fun and climb trees and sharpen her claws on them? You can remember, too, how her mother used to bring her mice,—sometimes living ones? What was all that doing for that kitten? Without it, would her muscles be sure and her eye be true? Would she know what to do when a mouse showed up and could she do it like a flash of light? Or would

she be awkward? Can you think of an awkward cat?

Can we all agree that your good mouser and the two cats at the mouse hole would not be fit for their life-work if they had missed the chasing, jumping, imagining, when they were kittens. Let's give a name to all the things the kittens do. What do we call it? Certainly; it's Play!

Very well, then, if play is so important in the development of a cat, for its work, would there be any chance that it might be of value in the development of boys and girls,—for their life work? Think it over and later ask yourself the question, "Should I play more?" And if you answer, "Yes," then here are some suggestions.

1. (a) Buy or make a hand-sleigh; make sure it has good runners; slide every time there is a crust. Get your friends to buy or make sleighs and have competitions to see who can go the farthest and how. Get so you can steer a sleigh, on the steepest hill, absolutely where you want it.

(b) If you can pull together, four or five of you pool your money and buy a good toboggan. If three or four such groups can buy toboggans you should have a great time.

2. Perhaps you and your friends can afford to have pairs of skis made. If you can you will have a pile of fun. Why don't we use our God-given hills when we can find a good use for them?

3. Every time there is good ice on the pond or river, for any sake use it. It may be possible for you to have an open-air rink. Fight hard to get it.

4. Keep the snow in the schoolground tramped; after a storm organize the school and tramp over every square foot; if your school is small keep part of the ground tramped. Then play

One Hundred and Forty-Four, Cross Tag, etc.

5. Keel somersaults off the fence into the soft snow. See if you can make a clean turn. I'll bet you'll land on your head.

6. Throw snow balls for distance and for true aim at a mark. Make a real target and run a competition.

Indoor Recreation.

Just before recess have a big fire made, in the stove of course. At recess open at least two windows. Then some of the things you can do to fill your lungs with good air, get rid of that feeling of restlessness and develop your muscles are:

1. Chinning the Bar.

Keeping the legs straight, see how often you can raise yourself to a bar hung from the ceiling; each time you should raise yourself until your chin rests on the bar.

Note: Three feet of a fork-handle and two pieces of brace wire will serve to place the bar in position. It should be high enough that the bigger boys cannot quite touch the floor when grasping it with both hands. You should be able to raise yourselves at least six or seven times.

2. Standing Broad Jump.

Toe the mark; measure to the mark made by the back heel.

3. Standing High Jump.

May be either side jump or facing the bar.

4. Standing on Head with Help of Hands.

5. Walking on Hands (feet in air).

6. Indian Wrestling.

Two boys lie down side by side, the feet of one near the other's head; they lock arms at elbow. As a third boy

counts one, both boys lift their inside legs until the toes touch; on the count two they do the same thing; on count three they lock legs about the knee. The boy wins who pulls the other over backwards.

Bar Pulling.

Two boys sit on the floor facing one another, with knees bent and feet touching. They grasp a bar (a hoe or fork handle would serve well) and at the word "Go" from a third boy they pull. The boy wins who pulls his opponent to his feet or who pulls the bar out of his opponent's hands.

8. Stretching Hands straight above the head. 6 times. Stretch!

9. Bending over, with knees straight till fingers touch the floor,—4 times.

10. Holding out moderate weights at arm's length; body should be kept straight.

11. Pivoting; turning completely around on one foot and keeping balance.

12. Walking relay race; 4 on each of two teams,—with empty aisle between teams; at word "Go" first member of each team walks up one aisle and down the aisle to the right, coming to a halt

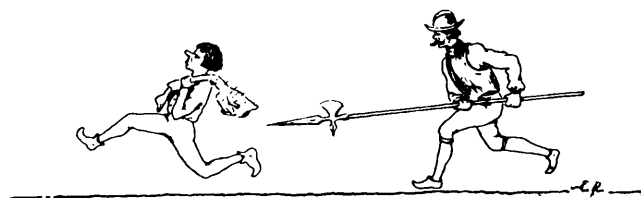
at back of her team which meanwhile has moved up one pace. The one walking carries a short stick, one foot long, and gives this to the next in line as soon as she is opposite her in the row to the right. This continues on the part of each team, every player walking the distance twice. The team wins whose last player (last one walking) first touches the back wall of the school room with the short stick. There should be two judges of play, one to watch each team, and the teacher should act as umpire to decide the winner.

If you find that the school gets cold quickly when the windows are open, keep them open only for two or three minutes at a time. What we want is the fresh air.

You should be able to have a lot of mighty good fun doing some of the stunts I have suggested. Throw yourself into them, do them correctly and laugh all the time. Should some of them not be clear write to the editor of the Wider Interest section of this magazine. He'll be bound to tell me to give the answer and I'll have to do whatever he wants.

Good luck to you!

J. Harold McOUAT.



A Merrie Game!

Have You Flowers in Your Classroom

By E. H. JONES.

Winter has set in and in the woods there is no sign of life except the chickadee or the bobtail rabbit flitting like shadows between the trees. The leaves have fallen from the trees, flowers are dead and buried beneath a heavy blanket of purest white. The only promise of spring to come is in the tiny buds on the tips of the twigs. It is at this time of year that we look back-

Board probably realized this when, last fall, he introduced the growing of Dutch bulbs among the pupils of his school.

Did you ever hear the legend of the first bulb that was introduced into Holland? Some time during the 14th century a Dutch sailor brought the first tulip bulbs home and gave them to his father, who was a poor shoemaker.



A Beautiful Display from the College Greenhouse.

ward and remember how beautiful the woods and the flowers were in the summer time. This love of the woods and the flowers is in every one of us, although we may not realize it, and it only remains to be brought to the surface, so that we may appreciate the beauties of Nature when we see them.

Boys and girls, if you don't learn to do this when you are young—then you never will and life will be with but half its charm.

For example, Mr. Parkin chairman of the Pointe Claire Protestant School

While this old man was planting his tulips in his garden, a neighbor came along and started to eat one of his bulbs, thinking it was an onion! However, the planting was successful, the bulbs multiplied, and after several years this shoemaker became a wealthy man, having sold some of his tulip bulbs for two thousand guildens apiece, which equals about \$800.

There are approximately 100 pupils in Pointe Claire School, of whom 76 took advantage of planting bulbs, which consisted of daffodils, tulips and hyacinths.

These bulbs were bought in bulk and sold to the children at cost price.

The school was visited by a man well acquainted with the growing of bulbs, who gave a practical demonstration on planting, and general information on their care during the winter. At first the children did not seem to be interested, but when they were told the above story and how these bulbs were grown in far away Holland and shipped over to this country with the flowers and foliage all wrapped up inside them, waiting for some person to plant them in the soil so that they could unfold their beauty, this seemed to them like a miracle and they were all eager to try the experiment.

Each child planted his or her bulbs and stored them away in a cool, dark place, where they could develop roots to support them when the time came for flowering. The children were reminded from time to time by the head teacher, Miss Hughes, who is also interested, that the bulbs should be watered regularly and when the date was decided on to hold an exhibition, the children were informed three weeks in advance, so that they could bring their bulbs into light and heat. Then the excitement began. The bulbs began to grow and presently the buds showed their heads above the rich green foliage which, to the child, was a most wonderful sight.

When the time came for the Exhibition, each child who was successful brought his or her pot of bulbs, wrapped up in paper, to the school to be judged. There were 49 competitors, which was a good percentage consider-

ing that it was their first attempt. There were also a number of mothers there anxiously waiting to see if their child would get one of the prizes, of which there were ten offered. The competition was divided into three classes, viz: daffodils, tulips and hyacinths; three prizes were awarded in each class and one special prize for the best pot of flowers irrespective of the class. After the judging was finished, the prizes were awarded. Those who were fortunate in winning a prize were the happiest in the room, while the others were making up their minds that they would try and get a prize next year.

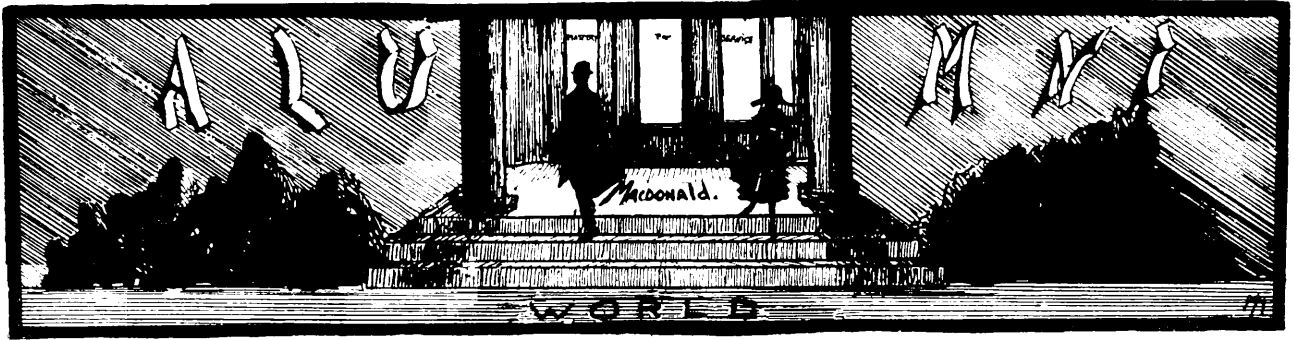
Competition is the life of trade and it teaches us to be good losers. However, by the expression on those children's faces, one realized what a power nature has to make young people happy.

Now what do we learn from a lesson of this kind? Well, for one thing, we learn that the study of nature is one of the purest and most elevating pleasures in life. It trains the eye and intellect. It not only constitutes culture but makes us practical. We learn to appreciate what is beautiful and to observe form, colour and movement. It teaches us to become unselfish, for in taking care of plants, we learn to be thoughtful of the needs of others. Nature study is a great relief from book work and easily gives us something to write about in our compositions.

"To him who in the love of Nature holds

Communion with her visible forms, she speaks

A various language."



Macdonald College Agricultural Alumni Association

MEETING OF THE ALUMNI EXECUTIVE.

A MEETING of the class secretaries of the Alumni Association was held at Macdonald College on Saturday morning, December 10th, at ten o'clock.

There was a good attendance, the following secretaries being present:— F. H. Grindley '11, E. M. Duporte '13, G. W. Muir '14, L. C. McOuat '15, J. H. McOuat '16, C. Morris '17, S. R. N. Hodgins '20. L. C. Raymond '12 represented M. B. Davis who could not be present, while T. G. Major '21 acted in a similar capacity for A. R. Jones.

The meeting was presided over by the General Secretary, J. E. McOuat '15.

Herewith is given a brief summary of some of the more important business transacted.

The design for the Memorial Tablet to be erected in memory of the five graduates who died in service during the war was discussed and decided upon after samples had been examined. The tablet will be of solid bronze with raised letters and will cost, ready to erect, about \$215.00.

A committee was appointed to make all necessary arrangements in connection with the unveiling. It was suggested that the relatives of these men, also all graduates, be invited to be pre-

sent on this occasion.

A report was submitted in connection with the Memorial Scholarship, which showed that \$5001 had been subscribed to date. To this amount can be added about \$500 from the Soldiers' Fund, making a total of \$5501. It was pointed out that many graduates had not subscribed to this fund and it was decided that an effort should be made to urge such graduates to subscribe in order that the scholarship fund might be increased. The executive decided that this scholarship would be available next year for the largest total amount that is derived from the funds already received.

It was moved that the scholarship be available to any graduate in agriculture of Macdonald College, for post-graduate work in any college or university of recognized standing, along any line of work pertaining to agriculture. A permanent committee consisting of the General Secretary (ex officio) and two other members of the Association who are also members of the College staff were appointed to draw up the final details and conditions and to choose each year the graduate who will receive the scholarship. The two members appointed for the present

were Dr. E. M. Duporte and Prof. R. Summerby.

It should be pointed out that although the amount subscribed is fairly large, that a large proportion of the subscribers donated upon the instalment plan so that the revenue available for the first scholarship will not likely be more than one hundred dollars.

The question of representation on the Corporation of McGill University was taken up and the Executive was informed by Dr. E. M. Duporte that a resolution had been passed by the Corporation granting the graduates in Agriculture the right to have one of their members appointed to this body. Details as to method of nomination and election were not available but the Executive, after due consideration, decided to make a recommendation as to their choice of candidate and recommended the nomination of Mr. F. H. Grindley for this position. When full details as to the necessary procedure are obtained the Executive will take steps to give graduates all information possible upon this matter.

Other business of an important nature was also discussed but as final details were not arranged no publicity is being given it at present.

The following statements should be of interest to all graduates. The membership standing is one of which we should all feel proud but the Executive hopes that those graduates who are in arrears or have never joined the Association will make an effort to become paid-up members.

The Association is just attaining a position where it can undertake matters which will be of interest and benefit to all concerned. Let us all pull together.

Summary of Subscriptions to the Memorial Scholarship.

Graduates of Class '11	\$ 345.00
Graduates of Class '12	401.00
Graduates of Class '13	335.00
Graduates of Class '14	455.00
Graduates of Class '15	800.00
Graduates of Class '16	227.00
Graduates of Class '17	200.00
Graduates of Class '18	140.00
Graduates of Class '19	
Graduates of Class '20	503.00
Graduates of Class '21	490.00
Undergraduates of Class '22 .. .	480.00
Faculty and Friends	625.00
Total subscribed	\$5,001.00
Available from Soldiers' Fund ..	500.00
Grand Total	\$5,501.00

Classification of Graduates in Relation to Membership in M.C.A.A.A.

Class	Total Graduates	Life Members	Annual Members paid to date	Members one year in arrears	Grad. who never joined or have paid no fees since Reunion
1911	14	10	2	1	1
1912	18	14	1	0	3
1913	18	11	4	1	2
1914	18	7	3	2	6
1915	18	6	8	1	3
1916	16	6	6	1	3
1917	12	6	1	3	2
1918	10	7	3	0	0
1919	2	0	1	0	1
1920	15	6	9	0	0
1921*	27	2	6	0	0
Totals	168	75	44	9	21

* Exclusive of Class '21 there are 141 graduates of whom 111 are paid-up members.

Annual Financial Statement

for the year ending August 31st, 1921.

RECEIPTS —	
Balance from 1919-1920	\$146.64
Four life subscriptions at \$20 ..	80.00
Balance One Life Subscription ..	18.00
Twenty-nine Annual Subscriptions to the Magazine and Association	58.00
Two Annual Subscriptions to the Association only ..	2.00
Right Annual Subscriptions to the Magazine and Association (Arrears)	16.00
Interest on 4 Dominion War Loan Bonds	22.00
Interest on 2 Cedar Rapids Bonds—exchange	11.20
Inter. on 2 Wayagamack Bonds ..	12.00
Bank Interest and Exchange ..	5.09
	\$370.93

EXPENDITURES —	
Printing, stationery, etc.	\$26.08
Stenography	28.00
Postage	7.50
Forty-Five Annual Subscriptions to the Magazine . .	45.00
Interest on Life Subscriptions to the Magazine	34.00
Ten extra Magazines	2.50
Salary of Secretary	60.00
Expenses of Secretary	11.80
Exchange on Cheques	1.55
	\$216.43
Balance forward to 1921-22	\$154.50
Total	\$370.93
ASSETS —	
2 Cedar Rapid Bonds	
2 Wayagagmack Bonds	
4 Dominion War Loan Bonds	

MISCELLANEOUS NOTES.

A. L. Hay, '21, has left the Experimental Farm at Fredericton and has taken a position as agricultural demonstrator at Cranbrook, B.C. The Hay brothers evidently believe the West is the place.

We congratulate Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Elliot upon the birth of a son on November 10th last. We expect the boy will be given the name of "Bunny."

We understand W. N. Jones and A. E. Matthews of Class '20 are pursuing post graduate studies at Iowa State College, Ames, Iowa. We wish them both every success.

The following item speaks for itself. We congratulate our friend, H. S., and extend to him and his wife our very best wishes for a long and happy wedded life.

Mr. and Mrs J. R. Webster announce the marriage of their sister Miss Margaret Maud Caldwell —to— Mr. Howe Symonds Cunningham on Friday, the sixteenth of September nineteen hundred and twenty-one, Kentville, Nova Scotia.

In our last issue we inadvertently assigned Art Milne '21, to a position in Plant Pathology, at Ste. Catherine, Ont. We have a letter from him denying this and stating that he is a humble supervisor of the Soldiers' Settlement Board. We apologise. The address, however, is correct.

Will graduates of '15 make a special effort to write to R. E. McKechnie who is still at the Mowat Sanitarium, Kingston, Ontario?

Our mutual friend, "Russ" Derick has returned from British Columbia to make his folks and many college friends a visit. "Russ" is the picture of health and seems satisfied with the life out West. He hopes to be East until after Christmas.



Library Notes

NOTICES ON NEW BOOKS.

By Mrs. JAMES.

Deep Furrows. By Hopkins Moorhouse. Tells of pioneer trails along which the farmers of western Canada fought their way to great achievements in co-operation. Toronto, 1918.

The Canadian Annual Review of Public Affairs. In this volume very considerable space is given to financial and industrial conditions, to the Farmers' movement and transportation.

The Farmer and The Interests. By Clarus Ager. A study in parasitism. To beat the farmer into a clear conception of how he is, on every hand, paying someone to take from him the greater part of his produce, is the object of this brilliantly written book.

Equipment for the Farm and the Farmstead. By Harry C. Ramsower. The book, as suggested by its title contains a discussion of the general problem of equipping the farm and the farmstead. The material herein presented has been collected from various sources during the author's service as a teacher.

Educational Experiments in England.

By Alice Woods. It is proposed to consider the gradual change that has come over the attitude towards education during the writer's life-time, which includes the last half of the nineteenth century.

Dairy Cattle Feeding and Management. By C. W. Larson and F. S. Putney. A book written for students of dairy cattle feeding and management, the outgrowth of several years of experience in teaching the subject.

Diseases of Economic Plants. By F. L. Stevens and J. G. Hall. Designed primarily for college students, but it is hoped that it may serve also as a useful handbook for others who may wish to recognize plant diseases or apply treatments.

Vitamines, Essential food Factors. By Benjamin Harrow. A popular presentation of a subject which concerns everyone of us; for vitamins are substances, as yet ill-defined, whose presence in food is essential to our well-being. Their absence makes life impossible.



Ten Years Ago

Extracts from volume II of the College Magazine.

The Ten Commandments.

(Specially revised for Freshmen.)

1. Thou shalt have no other motto before this—

“Mastery for Service.”

2. Thou shalt not wear a hard hat to lectures, neither shalt thou sport a cane or moustache, for Class '14 is a jealous Class, and punishment will surely follow.

3. Thou shalt have respect for Class '14, for the Sophomores will not hold them guiltless who hold them not in reverence.

4. Remember the College meetings and attend them, bearing in mind that Freshmen should be seen and not heard.

5. Honour The Girls and The Seniors, that thy days may be pleasant around Macdonald College.

6. Thou shalt not kill time, nor ‘slope’ lectures; in short, be good little boys.

7. Thou shalt greatly reverence the Residence Committee, as their fines are dreadful to contemplate.

8. Thou shalt not steal breakfasts for thy neighbour.

9. Thou shalt not try to be a prominent man in your first year, but bring your modesty along, as you may need it.

10. Thou shalt not covet a Sophomore's “wife” (?) nor his superior position in the college, neither shalt thou covet his brains, nor his note books.

Hints to Contributors.

1. When writing an article for the magazine, cram your words up close and don't write legibly. The editor might be able to read it.

2. Write on both sides of the sheet.

The printer will have a good time changing his file often, or the stenographer will have the pleasure of copying only one side.

3. If you are asked to hand in an article on the 15th of the month, don't hand it in until ten days later. The editors only say the 15th for the fun of it.

4. If you discover that after having promised an article you are unable to write it, don't think of telling the editor until 10 days after it should be in. He likes to get material in its place at short notice.

5. If you are asked to write a short paragraph on something, be sure and write a full page. The proof-readers like to cut it down.

.

The Oval.

As usual, it is the habit of some of us to go tramping across the oval on our way to meals, instead of traversing the road built for that purpose. If we will only stop to think for a moment, we will see that this does the grass considerable harm, even if the snow is on the ground, as it then excludes any air from the grass, the result of which is apparent in the spring.

As we all have the beauty of the college grounds at heart, why not refrain from this habit and in the future patronize the tunnel or the roadway.

.

Freshies' faults are many,
Sophs have only two;
Everything they say,
And everything they do.



First Impressions

First impressions! In itself this term implies very little; but what a difference it makes in our attitude toward things. It is true that our first impressions are not always correct, and that they change by further association; but there is always something of our first impressions that will remain with us—that will be difficult to change, even after we have discovered that our reading has been false. This is especially true in reading a person's character. For what are first impressions if not reading of a person's character on first meeting.

Personal appearance is a great factor in forming our first impressions. We are usually struck by the beautiful face, and are apt to think that this beautiful face is accompanied by a beautiful character. We are prejudiced in favour of this person, and we seem to see some good in all his actions. Even after our eyes are opened, and we become conscious of the fact that our character reading does not coincide with real facts, we do not wholly leave him—in fact, we often sympathize with him and try to help him.

Now, on the contrary, we are seldom, if ever, favourably impressed by a

homely-looking person. We often think him capable of executing all vile deeds, we are continually suspicious of him, and, unless he impresses us with some further actions, which lead us to change our opinions, there is so much to his disadvantage.

To illustrate this point I am going to relate an incident in my own experience. Two sisters, after having lived for a long time in the country, came to make their home in the city. They both laboured under the same advantages and disadvantages; but—one had a beautiful face and the other had a rather homely face. Now which one do you think made a better impression? After a few months, the girl with the beautiful face had a large circle of devoted friends around her, while somehow or other, her less fortunate sister was denied this privilege. On further acquaintance with both girls, I discovered that my first impressions of the characters of the girls were false. Yet although I now prize equally the friendship of both girls, my admiration for the beautiful girl still remains with me.

Let us consider the question of apparel and its effects on first impressions: Does not a neatly-clad person

give us the impression of a neat, orderly, and systematic mind? Does not a slovenly-dressed person give us the impression of a careless, indifferent, and untidy manner? So instead of quoting that old adage, "Fine feathers make fine birds," we should quote a new one "A neat garment clothes a neat mind." For fine, expensive clothes do not always show a good character but rather seek to hide its defects sometimes.

But first impressions are not only influenced by personal appearance and clothes; sometimes a word, an action, a mere handshake—and then our impressions are formed. How many of us have not at some time or other stopped to admire a big man, who, in spite of

his size, is always ready to stoop to help a little dumb animal? How many of us have not been influenced by a kind word, or a kind act, which at the time impressed us so much, that we even thought about it in after years? Did not the kind benefactor, unknowingly, leave a good impression behind him?

Now, as we have seen some of the factors which influence us in judging people by first impressions, it is our duty to develop our own character in such a way, that when we act most naturally, we may leave the best impressions behind us.

TILLY HERTZ.

Teachers Alumni Notes

Miss Marion Donaldson, of the Model Class '21, is teaching in Lansdowne School, Montreal.

Miss Ruth Park, a graduate of the Class '21, is teaching in Edward VII, Montreal.

Miss Dorothy Stark is teaching in Argyle School, Montreal. Miss Stark is a graduate of the Model Class, 1920.

Miss Isabel Robertson and Miss Ethelwinne MacKay, both graduates of Class '21, are teaching in Rosemont School, Montreal.

Miss Robina Pringle is teaching in Earl Grey School, Montreal. Miss Pringle is a graduate of last year's Model class.

Miss Helen Casselman and Miss Helen Sanders, of Model Class '21, are teaching in Sarah Maxwell School, Montreal.

Miss Jean McNaughton, of Class '21, is teaching in Ormstown Academy. Miss Mary Pringle, of the Elementary Class, 1918, is also teaching there.

Miss Eleanor Mabon, of Class '21, is teaching in Belmont School, Montreal.



Home Economics Club Meetings

THE last three meetings of the Home Economics Club were set aside for lectures, the speakers being Miss Chute, Dr. Brunt, and Miss Young, superintendent of nurses in the Montreal General Hospital. All three speakers were very interesting, and the Science girls are looking forward to having as excellent a programme in the new year.

On October the twenty-sixth Miss Chute addressed the girls on "Household Science, Its Purposes and Its Ideals."—(A report of Miss Chute's address is published elsewhere in this issue.)

Because of the importance of the Dominion election, the Home Economics Club thought it would be an advantage both to the teachers and to the Science girls to have someone tell them a little about our government. So an open meeting was held on November the second for this purpose. Both Dr. Brunt and Prof. Barton were asked to talk, but Prof. Barton was unexpectedly prevented from being present. Miss Philip welcomed Dr. Brunt. In his talk he outlined first the duties of the government. "Citizenship will find its

sphere in three important worlds. First, the local sphere, the village, the town, the city, each has its government, a government voted by the people. What are its duties?" Probably the most important duties are those which affect our everyday lives, because they come home to men's hearts. The water supply, the milk supply, the police protection, are things which touch our lives more than general political duties. The second sphere is the provincial, and there we have a legislature who make laws, being appointed by the vote of the people. These legislatures make laws in practically all the Provinces. In the Provinces of Quebec and Nova Scotia there is a second chamber, known as the legislative assembly, but this second chamber, through which the laws must go, is looked upon by many as a useless appendage. Thirdly, we come to the Dominion Parliament, with representatives from all the Provinces.

When men are returned to the House of Commons at Ottawa, they divide themselves into two parties. They are usually agreed upon the principle involved but differ as to the method or manner in which a certain thing must

be carried out. The two great parties in Canada are the Liberals and Conservatives, but we have a new party now, the Farmers' or Progressive party.

Parliament is not government, but simply makes laws and discusses affairs. Every man who has a vote has a right to go to Parliament, but that is not possible, and we send a few men to represent us. The leader of the party which has the majority carries on the government, selects certain men who will form a committee and carry on the affairs of our country. These men are usually from the House of Commons.

Parliament in Canada is absolutely supreme.

Dr. Brunt next spoke on the financing of the Parliament. He said it was done by direct and indirect taxes. A great deal is derived by the tax on motors, royalty from mines, the tariff, etc. From this the speaker went on to discuss whether free trade was the right thing for Canada or not. Because Dr. Brunt did not want to make his

talk a prejudiced one he dealt upon this question from both sides.

Limited time prevented us from hearing any more on this interesting subject, but those who heard Dr. Brunt felt they knew more clearly just what their vote meant.

The next Home Economics Club meeting was held on November the seventh, and Miss Clarke, president of the club, occupied the chair. Miss Young, superintendent of nurses in the Montreal General Hospital, was the speaker. She spoke on the residence life of nurses while in training and the value of their course. At the end of her talk she asked if there were any questions the girls would like answered, and through the questions that were asked, our future dietitians learned a little of what their life would be and what was expected of them.

This meeting was felt to be a very instructive one, and we hope to hear more from Miss Young again.

Miss Chute's address to The Home Economic Club

MISS CHUTE'S ADDRESS TO THE HOME ECONOMICS CLUB.

A century ago the term "household science" was practically unknown, for the women of this country were not interested in it. Looking back a hundred years we find that it was an entirely different world from that in which we are living today. The shop and factory have taken many of the tasks which were previously done at home; labor saving devices are saving many precious moments of the homemaker's time; woman is gradually looking beyond her immediate sur-

roundings and wondering what should be done to provide training for her life work. We know that there are many positions for girls who have trained along these lines.

The movement had its inspiration in Great Britain and many of our earlier teachers were from there. It is interesting to note that the first training in North America was given in the convents of Quebec, and from this beginning the household science movement has gradually spread. Cooking was first started in the schools about the end of the 18th and beginning of the

19th centuries. Cooking schools were also opened, although many other subjects relating to the home were taught in them. The movement has spread rapidly from coast to coast, and today we find it taught in many schools of the Province. It includes every phase of household work and has for its object the improvement of conditions in the home.

It is easy to see that the nation twenty years from now which has the largest number of healthy citizens will lead the world on account of their efficient bodies and trained minds. Surely this is a high ideal for us to work for. Every citizen in Canada should have a healthy body and a trained mind to help carry on a work of such great importance.

The mother is usually the dominant factor in the home, and it is very important that every source of education should be placed at her hands. The home training during childhood and adolescence means a great deal during after years. It should be established so firmly that one never forgets. We fail to realize the significance of habits; they are so easy to make but so difficult to break.

So much has been written on the

question of eating that all who read should be fairly well informed on this subject, but there seems to be a great many people who do not read, for statistics show the tremendous amount of malnutrition in our country. A large number of children supposed to be mental defects, by correcting their diet were found to be bright, healthy and normal.

When you step forth into the world you will find many things that interest you, that go to make up a part of the community in which you live. How can you find time for these interests? That is something that you will have to work out for yourselves. Make schedules and systematize your work so that you will have time for outside interests.

This generation will leave many tasks for those who come after, and it is up to us to see that those upon whom the tasks will fall are trained to do them. The results of all these trained workers can never be measured.

—

In closing Miss Chute asked that we keep before us the high ideal of healthy bodies and trained minds; that we do all we can to improve living conditions, that a better day may dawn for Canada and the world.

Extract from Nellie McClung's Speech.

I WANT to assure you that it is a very great joy to me to address young people, especially young teachers, and people who are heads of departments and going to be heads of departments. I feel that I am speaking to a great audience, and behind each of you I see that invisible audience to whom you will speak.

There was once a great Teacher who reproved his people for the unevenness

of their knowledge. They were very wise in some ways. They were very clever in discerning natural signs but the great signs of humanity seemed to be unknown to them.

It is wonderful what a clever people we are. But with all our marvels of science and our knowledge, nations still settle their disputes by the old stupid way, of war.

We all admit one thing, we are ad-

vancing toward the day of the rule of the people, and therefore, if that is true, do you not see how important it is if the people are going to rule that they be the right sort of people.

One of the greatest things in the world, and the thing which is going to make peace between the nations, is an understanding between one another. We do not like the thing we do not understand. One of the things our education should try to teach is a great big charity and understanding of people of other nations. The fundamental of education should be a great

big understanding of all the people in the world.

Democracy is a poisonous plant unless it is accompanied by an education. Illiteracy will have a deadly fruit whether it grows in Russia or on the plains of Alberta or Saskatchewan.

This is a very interesting time to be alive and Canada is a very interesting country to live in. There are certain ideals of civilization before us if we are going to make Canada the sort of country it ought to be. It is for us to see that we are laying the foundation broad and safe for those who come after us."

A Prayer.

LORD, let me live while I can see
The message in the blossoming tree;
The beauty in the wayside flower
And love it for its one short hour;
While morning song of lark and jay
Can scatter all my doubts away,
And lift my poor heart from the sod
And tell me I am born of God!
While I can feel I'm linked with all
The burdened ones, who halt and fall;
While I can feel my share of blame
In every cheek that's dyed with shame,
While I can feel life's burdens sweep
Across my heart and drive out sleep;
—While I can hunger, suffer, strive
Lord, let me live—for I'm alive!
For if the time shall come when I

Forget to lift my eyes on high;
Forget to seek for love divine;
Or seek it but for me and mine;
When my dim eyes shall fail to trace
Thy image in his human face;
When lulled by comfort, ease or pride,
I find my soul is satisfied
To build its house of wood and hay,
And let the old world go its way;
Content to preen before a glass
While wounded ones barefooted pass;
Easing my conscience, when I must,
By throwing hungry dogs a crust!
—Then, Lord, Thy crowning mercy
shed
And let me die—for I am dead!

Nellie L. McClung.



Science Alumni

Miss Rose Chalhoub, Homemaker '19, is spending the winter in Paris with her uncle.

Miss Ruth Chapman, Homemaker '21, is leaving this month to spend the winter in Florida.

Misses Enid and Mattie MacFarlane, Senior Administrators '21, are both taking their pupil dietitians' course in the Hartford Hospital, Hartford, Conn., and find the work very interesting.

Miss Law and Miss McColl, old girls, have opened a tea room, "The Willow," on Metcalfe street, Montreal. We wish them both every success.

Miss Bertha Chambers, Short Course '20, is assisting in social service work in Montreal.

Marjorie Anderson, Short Course '19, is assisting in settlement work in Grifintown.

Mary Lee MacAloney, Agi' '21, is running her own greenhouse in Fairview, N. S., and is turning out a record quantity of radish and lettuce. We wish "Mary Lee" every success.

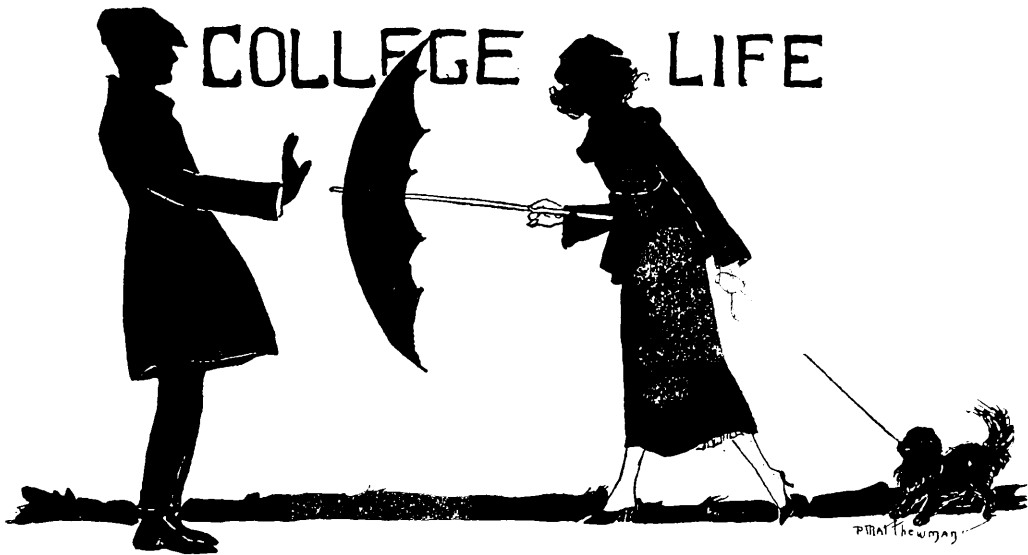
Helen Kelly, Sr. Administrator '21, entered the General Hospital, Montreal, in December, to take her pupil dietitian training. We wish "Helen" every success.

Marjorie Hasley, Homemaker '21, has opened a novelty shop in Ottawa. "Good luck, Marg."

Miss "Mike" Scott, Homemaker '21, is taking special studies at the University of New Brunswick, but hopes to continue her work at "Mac" next year.

The engagement has been formally announced of Miss Vera Eakin, Homemaker '19, to Mr. Gordon MacBoyle. Congratulations!





The Armistice Dance.

HAVE you ever been to a dance at old Macdonald? No ?? Then life surely has something in store for you. We, who have attended one or more of them, know that we have tasted of the wine of life, and we now live in hopes of sometime attending another—may that time soon come!

The most recent of these orgies of entertainment and delight was held on November the eleventh, Armistice Day. On this occasion the women students entertained in their residence. Can you imagine yourself welcomed by a beamingly benevolent reception committee, and then being drawn irresistibly on to a superb dancing floor by the melodious strains of entrancing music, borne softly to the ear on the delicately perfumed air? Little wonder, then, that thoughts on the history of education, fermentations of cider, and ionization theories faded like shadows from the mind, and the whole soul thrilled with the music and the spirit of the dance.

What need to describe the artistic decorations? The gymnasium was transformed. All we can remember now was a purple and gold canopy overhead, but dimly seen in the soft light. The pleasant effect thus produc-

ed we remember; the details we do not. That the hand of some artistic souls was given free play in arranging and decorating the sitting-out rooms and the corridors as well as the gymnasium, was not difficult to see.

And those delicious refreshments! How heartily all partook of that supper in our famous dining hall need hardly be stated. Knowing Miss Greene, we feel sure that she must have had a hand in putting on that gorgeous supper. We simply cannot restrain our compliments when that supper is mentioned; and we hope they may reach the parties responsible.

On with the dance! The orchestra soon called the couples from the tables back to the dance, and we tripped the light fantastic toe till—lo! we are standing at attention and in our ears are ringing the solemn notes of “God Save the King.” And so it was all over but the sad adieux, and here a lump rises in our throat and we can say no more.

However we cannot finish without first complimenting the ladies at present in residence on the manner in which they planned and carried out one of the most enjoyable and successful

dances ever held at Macdonald. Neither can we omit to express our sincere appreciation and thanks for an unsurpassable evening's entertainment.

J. H. G. '23.

THE ELOCUTIONARY CONTEST.

In spite of the fact that the number of competitors from the girl's Residence for the Elocutionary Contest on Nov. 16 was somewhat disappointing, the Lit. Executive feel assured that the event was a complete success. The programme of the evening was musical as well as elocutionary. The first number was an organ solo by Mr. R. B. Musgrove, which was much appreciated by the audience. The President of the Literary Society then called upon the competitors, in turn, to appear upon the platform. Those from the girls side of the campus were the Misses Higginson, and Bendelari, while the men contestants were Messrs. Perron, Hunt, Mitchell, Angell and Walford.)

During the interval allotted to the judges to come to a decision, the audience was favored with two or three musical selections by the men's jazz orchestra.

The decision of the judges was then made public by Dr. Brunt. He announced that the first and second prizes in the girl's contest had been awarded to Miss Higginson and Miss Bendelari respectively. There was no third prize awarded as there were only three competitors. In the men's contest Mr. Perron was the winner with Messrs. Angell and Walford second and third respectively.

MACDONALD COLLEGE CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

A somewhat definite programme has been made for carrying on the work of the M.C.C.A. for the ensuing year. Since the first of November the plan, which consists of joint "Sing Songs" and Men's Meetings, has been in operation. The Sing Songs take place either in the Assembly Hall or in the Foyer of the Women's Residence and the Men's Meetings are held in the Music room of the Men's Residence.

On Nov. 20th a service for the men was held Sunday morning. The speaker of the meeting was Dr. Lynde who gave us a very interesting address about our College Life, including some sound advice.

Then on Nov. 21st. we were very fortunate in having the Rev. Mr. Robertson, a Relief Worker in Poland, speak to us in the dining hall directly after supper. Mr. Robertson is a Canadian, a graduate from the University of Manitoba. He went overseas in the early days of the war and was severely wounded. After his recovery he was sent to Poland on relief work and has been there up to the time of landing in Canada three months ago.

Mr. Robertson outlined in a brief but interesting manner the work that has been carried on by our relief workers since the war. He emphasized the fact that the country was in a very bad state and that the people, especially the poorer classes, have suffered greatly and are still suffering economically, socially, and financially. He made no plea for money but merely stated that he was placing the facts before the students in all Canadian Universities. Mr. Robertson had made several addresses at McGill before speaking here and was on his way to the University of Toronto.

The evening of November 27th marked a slight change in the usual order of things when the Sunday evening Sing Song was held in the Foyer of the Women's Residence instead of in the Assembly Hall.

Upon this occasion the students assembled around the big open fire-place, making things decidedly homelike.

The program consisted of the singing of hymns with a short intermission during which tea and cake were served. The experiment was a distinct success; and it is to be hoped that the officers of the Christian Association will be able to hold other Sing Songs in this way.

On the Sunday of Dec. 4th Mrs. Dr. Harrison spoke to the boys giving them a great deal of valuable suggestions to be followed during their College course. Mrs. Harrison contrasted the College man and the non-College man, showing the superiority of the former if he makes use of the many opportunities that such a fine College as ours affords, aside from the daily routine of our studies. She made this fact impressive, "that the little things along social lines which we so often neglect, are those which really count in the long run," the talk was very much appreciated by all. One person who summed up all opinions said, "that talk was a good foundation for us to build upon."

THE BACHELOR CLUB DANCE.

On Wednesday evening, Dec. 21st, the Bachelor Club of Macdonald College gave a most enjoyable dance in the men's residence. The Presidents of the various student organizations attended and spent a most enjoyable evening.

THE MACDONALD COLLEGE BIOLOGICAL CLUB.

Early in November, the students specializing in the Biology subjects, got together and formed what is now known as the Macdonald College Biology Club. Three meetings have already been held, two of which were given over entirely to the organization of the club. What might be called our first regular meeting was held on December the 8th, when Dr. Harrison gave us a most interesting and instructive talk on the subject of Post Graduate work, dealing principally on the factors which determine the student's ability to take up this work.

It is planned that we have talks from men who are leaders in the various biology subjects, and from whom we can procure some instructive information.

The following officers have been elected for the ensuing year:—

Hon. President—Prof. B. T. Dickson.

Hon. Advisor—Dr. E. M. Duporte.

President—Mr. H. Hammond.

Vice-president—Mr. T. C. Vanterpool.

Sec. Treas.—Mr. T. Armstrong.

THE HORTICULTURAL CLUB.

The Horticultural Club resumed its activities for this session on November 1st. Since then it has kept up its regular course of meetings.

The first event of the Club's activities was a business meeting held on November 1st. Most of the officers had been elected during the past session, but a vacancy occurred in the position of secretary-treasurer, due to the absence of the intended officer. This therefore, was the only office to be

filled, so that the executive for 1921-1922 is as follows:

- Hon. President . . . J. G. Bunting.
- Hon-Vice President . . A. H. Walker.
- President C. F. Skinner.
- Vice-President W. H. Perron.
- Secy.-Treasurer G. H. Bowen.

Our next two meetings were of an educational nature, in that, on both occasions, we were addressed by prominent speakers on subjects of interest and importance. Dr. McRostie, of the College Staff, gave a most interesting and instructive address on "A few Methods of Increasing Production," in which he dealt, at full length, upon various phases of immunity of plants from disease. It gave us each an insight into the field of experimental and research work with its important results so that one was impressed by the scope which this work has, and by its economic value in Agriculture. One has not often the opportunity to hear an address like this, and coming from a man with such experience in this line, the subject was deeply appreciated by all present.

On November 29th, Mr. L. S. McLean of the Entomological Branch at Ottawa, addressed the Club on "Insect Legislation." We were particularly fortunate in securing this favour from a man of such standing and in listening to a subject of interest to many. Mr. McLean handled the subject matter in such a competent manner that he could not fail to impress his hearers. After listening to the wide range which Entomology has in connection with Agriculture, one was able to get a clearer conception as to the value which this science has in the agricultural industry. So few people realize its importance, that it would be a revelation to many to know to what extent Entomology aids Agriculture.

Although the actual membership of the Club is fairly small, the attendance has been swelled by members of the Plant Pathology and Entomology options, with the result that the representation of students at all of our meetings has been fairly large.

Our programme of future meetings is quite a full one; and with many prominent speakers in view, the Club is looking forward to some more interesting addresses, such as we have had the pleasure of hearing at our past two meetings.

THE FIRST INTER-CLASS
DEBATE.

On Dec. 19th the Seniors and Juniors held the first of the inter-class debates for the Robertson Shield. The Seniors won by the narrow margin of one point. The subject of debate was: "Resolved, that further immigration of Chinese and Japanese into Canada should be prohibited." Messrs. MacLennan and Dimmock upheld the affirmative while Messrs. Bate and Shepherd debated the negative, representing the Senior year. The negative used the present immigration law as a basis for their argument. Dr. Brunt, Dr. Lynde and Mr. Percival acted as judges.

ELEMENTARY CLASS SUPPER

An enjoyable fête took place on Saturday evening, November 26th, when the Elementary Class held their class supper in the reception room.

The tables were tastefully decorated with flowers, and the favours were little fancy baskets of fruit and candy, decorated with the college colours, which helped to carry out the colour scheme.

The menu and place cards were sketched by Miss C. Henry and were decorated with little men, "the only ones of that sex who were present" (except Bijou).

Miss Russell, Miss Scott and Miss Green were the guests of honour.

A good time was enjoyed by all and the supper was brought to a close by the girls passing a hearty vote of thanks to Mrs. G. Elliott and her able assistants who had planned and carried out such a delightful evening.

The class yells were given and all left, tired but happy.

El-em-en-ts,
A piece o' chalk to chew,
1—9—2—1
Some purple ink and glue,
Preparation, presentation,
Leather straps and jaw.
Elementary! Elementary!
Rah! Rah! Rah!

R.V.C. GIRLS VISIT MACDONALD COLLEGE.

"The girls of the First and Second years of the R.V.C., who are planning to take or who are interested in the course of Household Science leading to the B.H.S. degree, had the pleasure on Wednesday of visiting Macdonald College as the guests of the Third year girls. Fourteen girls, accompanied by Miss Hurlbatt, went to Macdonald College. They were met at the station by two of the students, who gave them a cordial welcome and took them to the college, where a delicious lunch was served by the 'Homemakers.' Then the guests were taken over the college, from the laundry, the cooking rooms, the physics and chemistry laboratories,

the library, assembly hall and dining-rooms, to the girls' residences, and they heard about the course from very enthusiastic girls, who, after two years at the R.V.C., are in their first year at Macdonald, where they will be the first to graduate with the B.H.S. degree. Tea was served to the visitors, who were introduced to the members of the Faculty. Everyone returned home full of enthusiasm for the course, and eagerly looking forward to the next two years out at Macdonald."

MEN STUDENTS WELCOME JUDGING TEAM.

MEN students felt strongly, that though the results of the International Judging contest at Chicago were somewhat disappointing from their point of view, they should show their appreciation of the efforts of the Macdonald team to uphold the name and reputation of their Alma Mater in the contest. To this end a "smoker" was held under the auspices of the Live Stock Club in the men's gymnasium on the night after the return of the boys.

The guests on this occasion included Dr. Harrison, Professor Barton, other members of the staff, the members of the Pomological Society of Quebec, who were attending a meeting of the Society at the College, and, of course, the judging team, and all the fourth year students of the Animal Husbandry option, who accompanied the team on its trip to Chicago.

The programme included wrestling and boxing bouts by the students, selections from the men students' orchestra, and two piano solos by Mr. Mutton.

Dr. Harrison, in a short and appropriate address, extended the welcome of the College to Prof. Barton, the judging team, and the other students in the Animal Husbandry option, on their return. Prof. Barton and Mr. McGreer,

replied.

The singing of some of the familiar College songs and a snappy "Faillt Ye" and "McGill" brought the programme to a close towards midnight.

The Graduate School.

This year marks the beginning of a new period in the history of Macdonald. In the past years, there have been isolated cases of students taking post-graduate work at the college; as, for example, Miss Margaret Newton in 1918-19 and Mr. L. Saunders last year. This year, however, there are four students registered for the degree of Master of Science and another is expected later. The work is being taken chiefly in the departments of Botany, Bacteriology and Entomology.

Miss Dorothy Newton, '21, is making a study of certain marine spore-forming bacteria isolated by her during the past summer from sea-water, marine algae and fish in the neighbourhood of St. Andrews, N.B. She is also taking course work in the departments of Botany and Entomology.

Mr. A. G. Dustan, O.A.C. '15, who has been working with the Dominion Entomological Branch in the Maritime Provinces, is studying a new species of Entomophthera, isolated by him, which parasitizes the green apple bug in Nova Scotia. He is endeavouring to secure a method of growing it in culture in order to utilize it as a means of controlling the above mentioned pest. He is taking courses in the departments of Botany, Entomology and Bacteriology.

Mr. J. K. Richardson, '21, is undertaking research work in connection with a bacterial rhizome-rot of iris. This dis-

ease has caused considerable loss to iris growers both in this vicinity and elsewhere, but, up to the present, the specific causal organism has not been determined. Mr. Richardson has isolated a large number of organisms and will work out the pathogenicity of each on iris.

Mr. J. G. Major, '21, is also taking most of his work in the department of Botany. During the past season sweet peas, garden peas, and asters have suffered considerably from root rots caused by certain species of Fusarium. Mr. Major is studying the cultural reactions of these and several other species of Fusarium with special reference to the hydrogen ion concentrations in the media used. Both Mr. Richardson and Mr. Major are also taking a course in Plant Breeding (especially for disease resistance), in the Cereal Husbandry Department.

This is but a beginning in post-graduate work at Macdonald. The various departments are ideally equipped for this type of research work and it is the policy of the College to make it a prominent feature in the future. There is a big need for advanced work in the various branches of agriculture in Canada, and it is to be hoped that the years to come will bring a steady increase in the graduate registration at Macdonald College, which is now leading the way.

M.

The Chicago Judging Try

THE judging trip of the senior animal option does not lend itself to "writing up" in the form of an article, so the following brief summary of the trip is given.

Prof. Barton took the entire option of nine men on the trip. They left Macdonald on the morning of Nov. 14th and returned on Nov. 30th.

Following is a summary of the places visited and other information of interest:

Date, Place, Owner, Classes of stock judged.
 Nov. 14, Chazy, N.Y., W. H. Miner, Shorthorn cattle and fat wethers.
 Nov. 15, Chazy N.Y., W. H. Miner, Shropshire and Southdown sheep, fat weethers and Shorthorn cattle.
 Nov. 16 (a.m.), Oshawa, Ont., L. O. Clifford, Hereford cattle.
 Nov. 16 (p.m.), Oshawa, Ont., Geo. McLaughlin, Shorthorn cattle and Shropshire sheep.
 Nov. 17 (a.m.), Toronto, U. S. Y., Swift Can. Co., Percheron horses.
 Nov. 17 (p.m.), Toronto, T. A. Russel, Shorthorn cattle, Clydesdale horses.
 Nov. 18 (a.m.) and Nov. 19, Guelph, Ont., O. A. C., Aberdeen Angus, Shorthorn and Hereford cattle; fat hogs.
 Nov. 18 (p.m.), Guelph, Ont., Jas. Bowman, Aberdeen Angus cattle.
 Nov. 20 (Sunday), Lafayette, Indiana, U.S.A., (Day of rest).
 Nov. 21 (a.m.), Lafayette, Purdue University, fat hogs; finished and breeding classes.
 Nov. 21 (p.m.), Roachdale, Ind., Harry Stamp, Belgian horses.
 Nov. 22, Lafayette, Purdue University, Shropshire and Southdown breeding ewes. Fat lambs. Beef cattle and Percheron horses.
 Nov. 23 and Nov. 24, Umana, Ill., University of Illinois, Duroc Jersey, Poland China and Berkshire breeding and fat classes. Beef cattle; Shropshire and Southdown sheep.
 Nov. 24, Arrived in Chicago.
 Nov. 25, Visited the Stockyards.
 Nov. 26, The Judging Compeition.

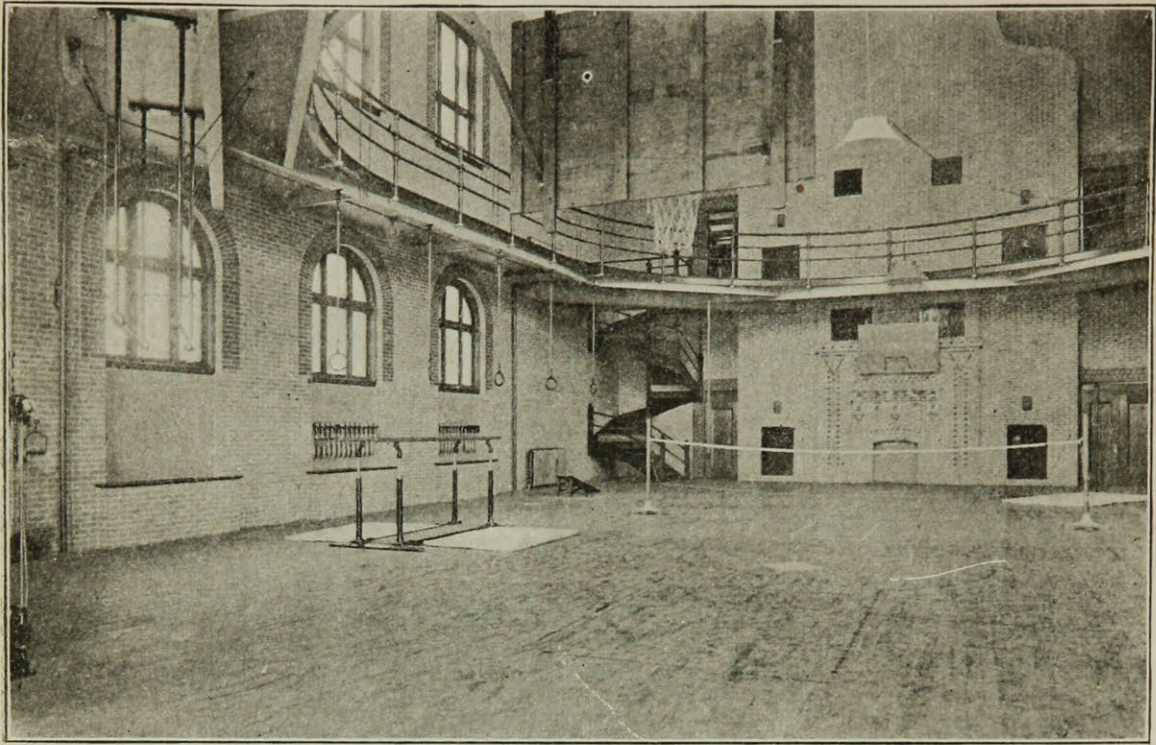
At the ringside, ten minutes before the contestants took their seats Prof. Barton chose Graham, Clay, Templeton, Winter and McGreer to represent Macdonald in the competition. There were one hundred and five students in

the competition, representing twenty-one colleges. Judging started at 9.30 and continued until two o'clock. Twelve classes were placed before the students to judge; three of sheep, three of beef cattle, three of draft horses and three of fat type of hogs. After lunch, at the famous Stock Yard Inn, the contestants gave oral reasons for placing on eight of the twelve classes of stock. It was eight o'clock in the evening before all reasons were heard. The competition was run in a most efficient manner under the supervision of Prof. Shepherd of North Dakota Agr. College.

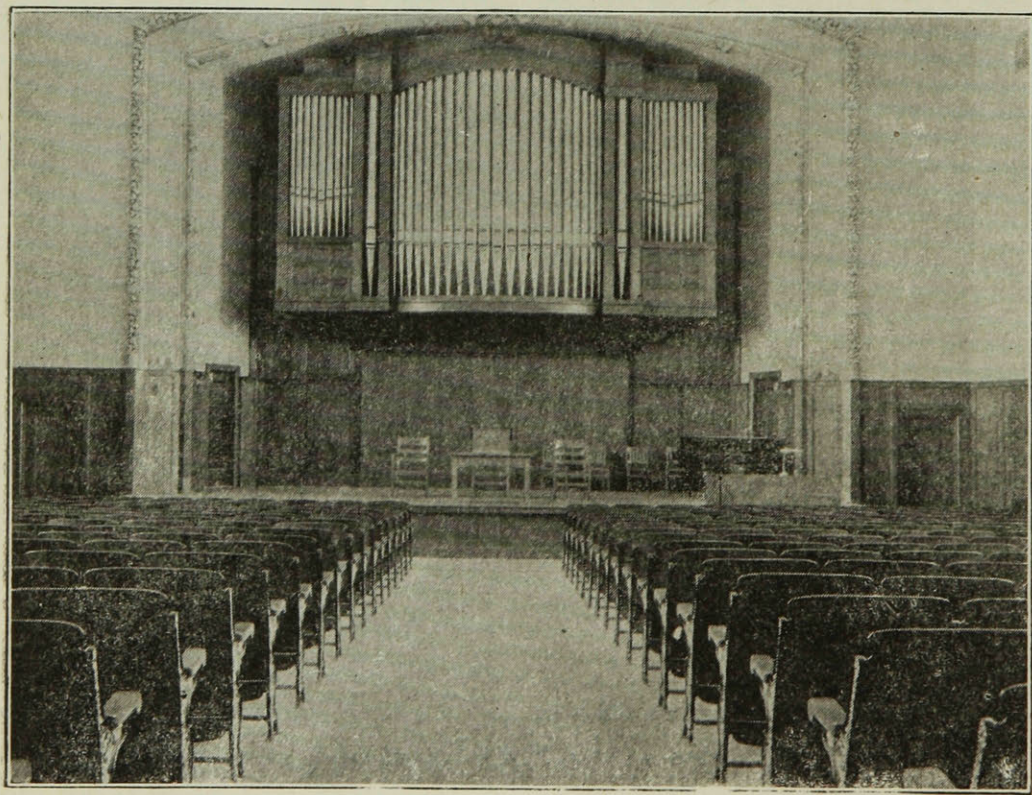
Results were posted about one o'clock Sunday morning. Ohio lead the competition with the Guelph team second, Macdonald eighteenth and Manitoba nineteenth. Walsh, a member of the Guelp team held the highest individual score. Graham lead the Macdonald team with 791 points to his credit out of a possible 1,000.

The next few days were spent at the show, chiefly at the ringside where splendid classes of all kinds of stock were judged from morning till late afternoon.

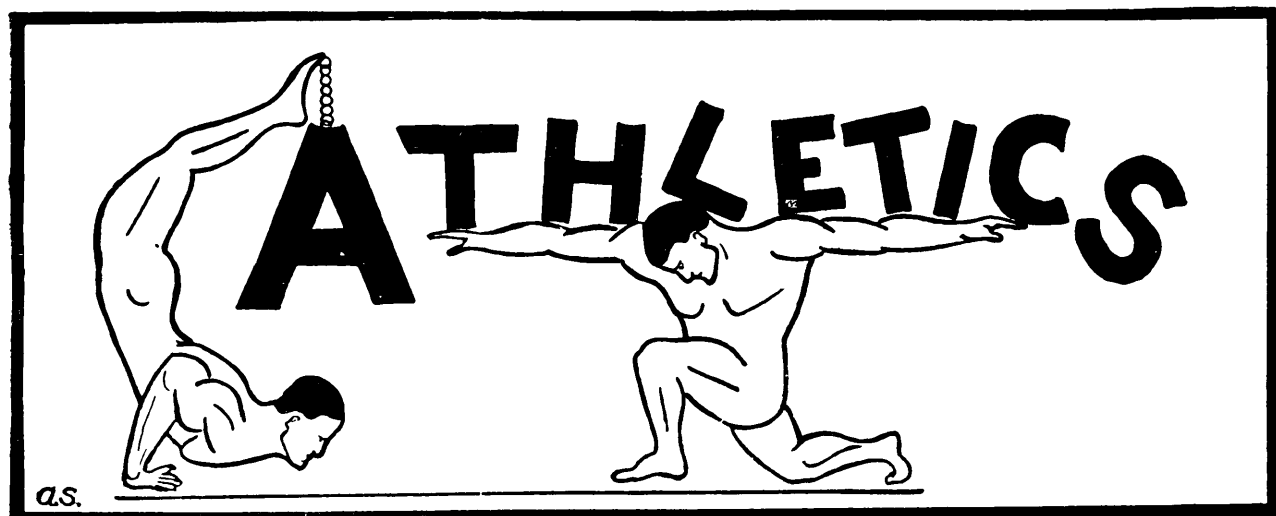
The animal option are grateful to Prof. Barton and his staff for the time and pains taken in the training preceding the competition. The generous financial aid given by the Provincial Government, Mr. J. J. Harpell, managing director of the Garden City Press, and Mr. J. Robb, M.P. for Chateauguay County, made the trip possible. Students, staff and friends of Macdonald are grateful to these men for their support in having the College represented at an international event of such educational value.—E. D. M.



The Boys' Gymnasium.



The Assembly Hall — Main Building.



General Notes

The month of November has been rather a dull one for athletics at Macdonald, as our football season closed much earlier this year than last. This was partly because our schedule started early and thus enabled us to finish our regular games earlier than usual, and partly because of the severe weather which by setting in early discouraged regular practices and exhibition games with neighbouring clubs.

It has been rather a period of organization and preparation for the busier months that are to follow. Mr. J. B. Smith who has been appointed manager of the Basketball team, has been getting the fellows out to practices fairly regularly and if one is to judge from the showing that has been made, there seems to be no reason why the Macdonald team should not occupy an even higher position in the City and District Basketball League than they did last year. For, we have most of our senior team back with us this year and with them as a nucleus we should be able to build up an A1 team by supplementing with men who played on the second team last year and also by making use of new talent, some of which shows considerable promise.

Bush Leagues have been organized in

both Basketball and Baseball in order to get everyone possible interested in some of the various forms of indoor sport, and to bring out all the lurking talent along these lines, which through diffidence or indifference might not otherwise be developed.

The Bush League idea is a good one and because of our numerical weakness is this year thoroughly practical. It offers a splendid opportunity for the new men to get in touch with the college games, and it speaks well for the spirit both of the Freshmen and of the Winter Course that they have practically all entered this league. If they use this spirit in their gym workouts, they may give the upper classmen as much of a surprise as the Winter Course did last year.

Hockey.

There is every prospect that we shall be able to enter a team in the McGill Inter-Faculty Hockey League this year although the season's schedule has not yet been drawn up. Also an American College has offered to pay the expenses of a trip and give us part of the gate receipts if we will come to them and play an exhibition game. But in order to do this it is essential that we begin practising early and keep at it regul-

arly. We have this year some excellent hockey material, which the early ice that we are promised should give us an opportunity to develop, if we can make the necessary arrangements for practice periods.

Our class hours at Macdonald are long usually ending only at 4.30 in the afternoon which does not permit the players to get on the ice for a practice till five o'clock, leaving but a short time before six o'clock supper. Then the after supper period is devoted to general skating which, while as it should be, because the rink is undoubtedly there to give the greatest good to the greatest number, leaves little time for the hockey practices which are essential if we are to attempt developing a team. The only alternative there seems to be is try to arrange for evening practices two or three nights a week say from nine thirty to ten thirty. Surely this could be arranged for the comparatively limited number of students who will be entering this form of sport.

Hockey is really Canada's National Game and it seems a pity that Macdonald should not at least be able to make a good showing in it. Because of the short season we are seriously handicapped in Football and Baseball but in Hockey it seems logical that we should get our highest rating. Another argument in favor of evening practices is that we have the opportunity to obtain for evening practices the services of a coach who would not be available in the daytime.

As the college authorities have hitherto shown the keenest interest in the promotion and development of all athletics at Macdonald may we not once again rely upon them to assist us to overcome the handicap which we are laboring under in trying to make a

name for Macdonald in the field of sport.

Swimming.

Another branch of sport that we might well develop to better advantage is swimming. Its popularity can readily be seen by anyone who visits the swimming pool between ten and eleven P.M. or seven to seven fifteen A.M. We have a number of good swimmers and divers so that a few contests along this line should prove exceedingly interesting. Certainly no one should leave Macdonald without at least learning to swim.

"Gym." Work.

Mr. Sharpe has also begun his gym. classes again, but because of the comparatively poor turn out last year he is only holding the class once a week this year instead of twice as formerly, in the hope that we can get a real first class attendance on our one gym. night. Mr. Sharpe is a splendid instructor. His is not merely dull routine P.T. work but he puts in lots of snap and pep and gives us some real muscle testers.

Then the boxing instructions that he gives is excellent. It alone, if one got nothing else, would be worth the hour a week that attendance of the gym class requires. If everybody will turn out regularly we can put on our annual exhibition of gym work and a boxing tournament in the spring that will be well worth seeing. So, to use a slang expression, "lets hop to it boys!" and by making up in pep what we lack in numbers lets make this the liveliest winter that Macdonald has seen as far as sports are concerned.

INTERCLASS GAMES.

ALTOGETHER there have been three interclass games, two in Basketball and one in Baseball. The first of

these staged on Nov. 30th was a basketball game between the Freshmen and Sophomores. The latter were assisted by Major and Richardson and by reason of their greater familiarity with the game were enabled to outplay the first year men who showed lack of experience especially in shooting as they only scored 3 points against the Sophs' 44.

On Dec. 2nd. the Winter Course played the Juniors in Baseball. And here again the side with the greater experience won. The Winter Course were especially weak in batting ability and only managed to get in 6 runs during the course of the game. While the Juniors both because they had better batters and also probably because they were up against weaker pitching, obtained 41 runs.

The third game was between the Freshmen and Juniors in Basketball and took place on Dec. 7th. Here again the Freshmen lost out because of their inability to score. On account of numerous fouls they had a number of free shots, but they seldom obtained any benefit from them because of their wild shooting. On the other hand the Junior forwards, although covered fairly well by the Freshmen defense, kept shooting continuously, and got in a considerable percentage of their shots, so that at the end of the game the score stood 28-7 in their favor.

Bush League Baseball.

The first Bush League game was held between the High Brows and the Cock-

tails. In this the former proved to have the winning aggregation whether because of their more aesthetic mode of life or whether it was because of the better battery that Skinner and Brigham made we shall not attempt to say but let it suffice that the Highbrows won 22-3.

The second game was between the Highballs and the Bruisers. Here again the sides did not appear to be very equally divided, especially in batting ability where the Bruisers excelled and because of this were enabled to get the big end of the 42-11 score.

BUSH LEAGUE BASKETBALL.

The first game in this series was between the Headhunters and the Rough Riders. It was a very good example of Bush League Basketball, displaying as it did lots of pep and not too much science. Interest in the game increased the further it progressed. Bertholl's work for the Headhunters drawing frequent and sustained applause from the gallery. In spite of his valiant efforts however the Headhunters went down to defeat, by scoring only 3 points against the Rough Riders' 13.

The Humdingers and the Bootleggers were the participants in the second game and although more evenly matched than the first two teams yet the Humdingers proved to have the winning aggregation, chiefly because of quicker passing and more accurate shooting.

Girl Athletics

Almost every girl at Macdonald this year is enthusiastic about some kind of sport and consequently all the different branches are very active. The girls all

turn out to the various games and show a great college spirit which would be hard to beat anywhere.

Baseball.

Baseball is one of the most important sports this year, one which is rivalling basketball in the players estimation. At the very beginning of the season we played against "The High School" but we were defeated by 18 points.

At present we have formed "The Laura Secord League" the six teams competing being "The Dubbs," "Knock Outs," "Scarlet Runners," "Midgets," "Diamonds" and "Hard Centres" and the final game is to be played in December. The trophy for which they are competing is six pounds of Laura Secord chocolates,

Mr. McOuat, our coach, has done excellent work. We have two practices a week for which all the girls eagerly wait from day to day.

Basket Ball.

Macdonald vs. Y.W.C.A.

The first match of the season was played in the Central Y.W.C.A. gymnasium in Montreal on Saturday November 26th. Looking forward to the game, the girls worked very hard and the best ten were chosen for the team by Dr. Conklin, our new official coach and referee. Mr. Sutherland also helped to bring the team up to a good standing.

The girls unanimously voted Miss Woods Captain of the team.

The game began at 3 o'clock. The "Mac" girls, new to the surroundings and it being their first match were somewhat weak at the beginning. But once the ball found our goal it did not take long for the girls to get warmed up. The first half ended with the score 20-13 in favour of Y.W.C.A.

As it was arranged a few changes

were made at half time when Miss Milne replaced Miss Dougherty and Miss Laing replaced Miss Moule. From the whistle which witnessed the start of the second half until the final whistle the girls seemed wholly at home and steadily made progress. Many difficult shots were made by our forwards and the passing of the centres was extremely good to say nothing of the splendid play of the guards.

The Y.W.C.A. team was also in excellent form, Miss B. Field and Miss Donnelly starring for it.

At full time the score was 33-33. Five minutes extra was agreed upon for the play off. The final score read 36-40 in favour of "Macdonald College."

The game was excellently supervised by Miss Harvey of the Young Women's Christian Association and Dr. Conklin of Macdonald College. Mrs. Conklin, who has so kindly consented to be our chaperon, accompanied us on our trip to town.

After the game we were most enjoyably entertained at a social half hour by our worthy opponents. The team returned to college by the 5.15 where the result of the game was most effectively made known to the student body.

The line up was as follows:—

Y. W. C. A.		Macdonald College.	
		Forwards.	
Miss B. Field		Miss R. Woods	
Miss J. McCaw		Miss M. Lemesurier	
		Jumping Centre.	
Miss G. Donnelly		Miss B. Dougherty	
		Side Centre.	
Miss E. Williams		Miss Y. Lafferty	
		Guards.	
Miss N. Rorke		Miss E. Moule	
Miss C. Rorke		Miss D. Blachford	
		Spares.	
Miss I. Milne		Miss C. Thompson	
Miss H. Laing		Miss J. Abraham	
Miss C. Henry			



Local

"An apple a day keeps the doctor away," is the old saying. Miss Greene says she doesn't believe it.

* * *

There is said to be a craze among girls of the Province to enter the teaching profession. An overworked member of the staff of the School for Teachers informs us that the mania comes about July and lasts until September.

* * *

Smithy is said to have a far-away look in his eyes these days—probably as far as the girl's building.

* * *

A student from the West Indies is preparing a short lecture on, "How Jamaica rum helped to win the Great War." We trust, that when the lecture is delivered, this student will not be too full of his subject.

* * *

"What are the Farmers doing?" asks a certain lecturer in Rural Economics. The chap who remarked that theirs is not to do—but to be done, is being dealt with by the House Committee.

* * *

It is reported that the mistletoe crop is a failure this year. Armitage suggests that with a little give and take it is quite easy to get along without it.

* * *

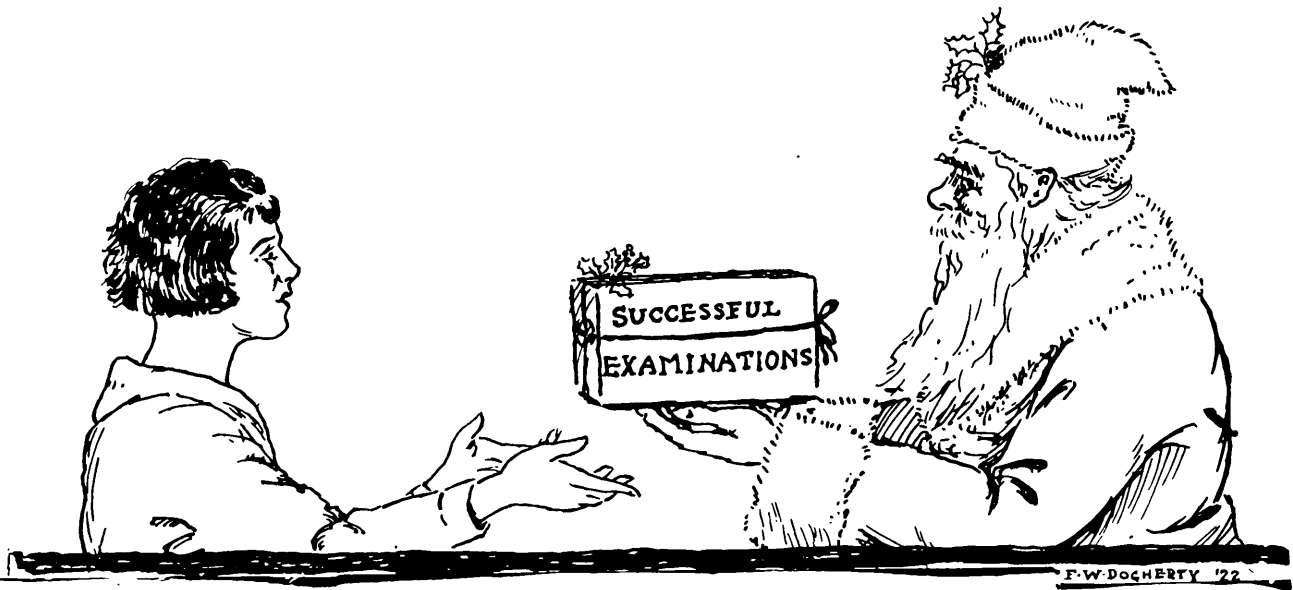
One of the members of the Poultry Department tells us that to test the freshness of an egg at breakfast, the egg should be broken; if it answers you back it cannot be considered as strictly new-laid.

* * *

The thirst for Education:

Mother: "What's all this hubbub going on upstairs?"

Small daughter: "Baby's bin and licked Herbert's homework off his slate."



“How do they condense milk, Father?”

“Oh, they just take ordinary milk, you know, and-er-put it into something-and-er-condense it.”—Punch.

* * *

Extract from laundry company’s advertisement.

“Why kill your wife?”

“Let us do your dirty work.”

* * *

“Why risk losing your teeth?” is the heading of an advertisement for tooth paste.

Better be on the safe side and have your name and address engraved on them.

The newly arrived citizen from Italy, was trying his best to buy a colander, but could not make the clerk understand what he wanted. The clerk showed him several kinds of pans, but at each he stook his head. Finally he got an idea.

“Give-a me dis-a kind”, he said, “Ze water go ahead, ze macaroni stop.”

Lunatic (as he was being conducted to cell, spying a clock at the end of a corridor.) Is that clock right?

Warden.—Yes, perfectly.

Lunatic.—Then what is it doing here?

It is sometimes hard to tell whether a red nose is caused from sunshine or moonshine.

The boundaries of Canada are: Water on the north, water on the east, water on the west and wind on the south.

Astronomers can explain almost anything, except that moonshine is more abundant on dark nights.

Science girl.—What caused that mark on your nose?

Student.—Glasses.

Science girl.—Glasses of what?

Clay to ticket agent.—Give me a ticket, first class to Ste. Annes.

Ticket agent.—Single?

Clay.—No, married.

A dog can’t teach some folks anything about growling.



Who Will Reach the Bottom First?

THE PARTING

They met on the bridge that night.

They will never meet again,
For she was an east-bound cow
And he was a west-bound train.

* * *

They had just become engaged. He had kissed her incessantly, and when finally he stopped tears came into her eyes and she said: "Oh, dearest, you have ceased to love me." "No, I haven't," he replied, "I just stopped to get my breath."

* * *

"Will you, fore'er my Honey be?"

He begged, as lip to lip they clung.
Well, she became his honey bee,
And people say that he got "stung."

* * *

A little girl was reprov'd for playing out of doors with boys, and was informed, that being seven years old, she was "too big for that now." But with all imaginable innocence she replied, "Why the bigger we grow, the better we like 'em!"

* * *

"When I grow up," said little Ethel with a dreamy, imaginative look, "I'm going to be a school teacher."

"Well, I'm going to be a mamma and have six children," said tiny Edna.

"Well, when they come to school to me I'm going to whip 'em, whip 'em, whip 'em."

"You mean thing!" exclaimed Edna as the tears came into her eyes, "what have my poor children done to you?"

Should Women Wear Bow Ties ?

By W. H. PERRON, '23.

EX tenebra ad lucem." Yes, it required thought and meditation, but I have at last solved the problem—Women must wear bow ties. What is there in a bow tie that gives it dominion over other kinds of neckwear? Deeds speak louder than words. You see a man with an A1 neck appendage, you at once, unless endowed with a similar addition, feel that you are by far his inferior. There is an atmosphere of dignity, respect, or should one say reverence, that surrounds the bow tie. It's there, you can feel it. It's an addition to one's personality. It is a known fact that work is better done—with fear and trembling—in classes where the professors wear bow ties. Not that they are superior teachers, but, as I said, it's there—a plus.

A short time ago the Juniors decided to try the test to see the effects on their surroundings as well as on themselves. It was soon done and within half an hour every member of noble '23 had his neck decorated with some kind of a bow tie, color varying from none to some. It was about dinner time. As they descended the winding stairs all, but the privileged ones, found themselves automatically given the right-of-way, some saying "Good day sir" . . . "Pardon me sir" . . . etc., etc. A senior in the process of opening the front door held it wide open for the procession to go through and stood there for some time after—with a blush on his face. Messrs. H. and A., who met them half way around the oval said. "Good Day Gentlemen" and looked quite confused.

In the Dining Hall grace was never sung with such reverence. All eyes were directed on them. Every Junior felt he was the best of his class and any reference as to the possibilities of failure in exams would have been regarded as perfect nonsense.

Now that women have won the war—I mean their rights to be represented in administrative and political affairs of the country, they are going to show the men what true leadership is—what it is to be led. Now that women have ascended from rulers of the home to ruiners—I mean rulers in economics and politics, their influence will be unprecedented and unparalleled. Out of this alarming — growing state of affairs new national questions have arisen among the fair sex. Questions such as: How to carry on public duties and still rule the home? How to cut down expenses for the purpose of purchasing manly necessities of life such as cigarettes, chewing gum, distilled water brand xxx, etc. How to inflict a sense of reverence on the part of the victims and keep a disciplinary meeting. The answer is simple.—Women must wear bow ties. Just think of the amount of time that is lost by women in selecting a blouse for example. I have seen a woman looking in every window from St. Denis St. to Greene Ave, on St. Catherine before she decided to enter a shop. Once in she was shown fifty-seven different blouses before deciding on one. I know very little about blouses, but they ran anywhere from short sleeves, V neck, open sleeves, U

neck, half sleeves, square neck, no sleeves, some neck, etc., etc. When women wear bow ties it will be so simple. Just like the men. One style only. "How much for that blouse?" "A dollar fifty."

"Give me three of them."—No time lost and three instead of one. Here the first two problems are solved. Of course women will have to get bow ties, which is easy enough. Good bargains can be made at those fire, pro-fire, for-fire sales which are so common in all cities and towns.

How to make the bow? Let resolutions be adopted and an efficient system of bow-tie-making can be established. I favor special short courses, say seven lessons a week with no limit as to time, known as "neckodecorati-culture" and given by Colleges, Women's Clubs, Institutes, and other recreation centres. Tuition to be free. Instructors, for the first two years or until such time as the art is mastered by the ex-weaker sex, to be the men. These to be elected daily by popular vote. I believe it would be a great step to foster cooperation between the ex and new rulers. The science dealing with the effects of the bow tie to be taken up by the department of physics and known as "Fortissimum."

With a nice bow tie and a dutch hair cut the woman of today can address her meeting with the utmost confidence. A pair of boxing gloves and a baseball bat can also be taken along with other things in case critical circumstances arise. This however is the exception and not the rule. Had the speaker, whom I had the misfortune to hear at a women's political meeting a short time ago in Montreal, been equipped with these necessities, she would have had a greater success. She had, how-

ever, decorated herself so as to appear as manly as possible. A high collar blouse with an ordinary tie. A one-eyed spectacle to which a broom-handle was attached was often used by the speaker to inspect the victims. The speech started somewhat like this.

"Dear Governors and Friends. The hour of deliverance has come. The reign of terror is passed. No longer will that beastly looking thing called man have dominion over us. Women, let us rally to the man worthy of our affection. I shall give my vote to Mr. — because I love him. He is handsome and has helped us in the struggle for emancipation. He should be spared the fate of others." The noise which had started with the meeting was now increasing in volume. A lady of considerable dimensions said to her neighbor, "Do you know I paid one hundred and sixty dollars for my last ostrich feather and the one I would like to buy now costs about two hundred?" She had to repeat, for her neighbor was very busy examining a head of hair which she felt certain had just been treated with peroxide. At last she turned around and said: "Yes, you're right. Down with those free traders who would take every cent from you, they must die."

The speaker insisted that she was there for a great cause and that all noise should cease. "I will not stand for that," she said and sat down only to get up again but all efforts to gain a hearing were in vain. She sat down for good beside the chairman and became very interested in a pedigree-telling conversation. I left the meeting early but later learned that it lasted until 2 A.M.

I have tried, dear readers, to make it plain that never before has the time

been more opportune for women to grasp the "tide" and subscribe *en masse* to the list of would be bow-tie-wearers. Let the words "we must wear bow ties" be your device. For myself I feel that I have accomplished a great task, all the greater because it was done

She looked with some apprehension over the gingham spread before her.

"These don't look like fast colors to me," she said.

"Indeed they are ma'am", answered the clerk earnestly. "You just ought to see them when they begin to run."

What a beautiful dog, Miss Ethel!" exclaimed her bashful admirer. "Is he affectionate?"

"Is he affectionate?" she asked archly.

"Indeed he is. Come Bruno! Come good doggie and show Charley Smith how to kiss me."



After the Chicago Trip. — Our artist depicts the Live Stock Commissioner of Canada for 1945.

heartily and freely. Whether I deserve a position in the future government and whether a gold medal ought to be put on my breast, I leave it to you. Let it be said of me, "He has freely given, let him freely receive."

"THAT RISING GONG"

Oh! how I hate that rising gong!

The horrid, cruel thing.

It's only half-past six, I'm sure,

Whatever makes it ring?

"Has anybody got the time?"

It can't be seven yet.

I've got to get to breakfast, too,

And I'll be late I bet!

"I guess you'd better hurry up,"

Some cheery soul replies,

From the comfy depths of bedclothes

In which she warmly lies.

She does not go to breakfast

And can calmly say to you,

"Oh! aren't you nearly dressed yet?"

It's twenty after, too!"

And just when you've lost your tie

You hear the breakfast bell,

And though you knew that it would go

You greet it with a yell..

Oh, dear, I s'pose that means I'm late,

It's no good going now,

But if I don't I know I'll get

Into an awful row.

So down the corridor you fly,

And hurry down the stair,

To find that you're not late at all—

Oh, what a lucky scare!

And then you swear a solemn oath

(But one you never keep)

To have the breakfast time changed
that night

And—in future get some sleep.

—C. M. Henry.

Table Manners

I'm pleased with the girls on the whole,
And the boys can be mannerly, too,
But just a few things I could mention
That I'd rather they didn't do.

In watching them closely I've noticed
That sometimes an elbow will rest
On a table whilst eating or drinking,
A custom that's none of the best.

And sometimes, you'll hardly believe
me,
Both arms have been placed by the
plate;
And the nails of some of the students
Are certainly not in good state.

To keep the mouth open whilst eating,
Is just the worst thing you can do,
And if anyone has this bad habit,
Just start to learn over anew.

It isn't considered good manners,
To drink whilst your mouth is full,
But to swallow your food unaided
By anything liquid's the rule.

To put bread on your hand for butter-
ing
Is a shocking bad habit to learn,
'Tis proper to break it in pieces,
And butter them each in turn.

In passing a glass of water,
Be sure that your fingers don't hold
The place where the mouth will be
touching,

When drinking the beverage cold.

Remember to look well around you,
And see that your neighbours are
fed,

And lack neither butter nor biscuits,
Nor coffee, nor water, nor bread.

Sit straight, and don't lounge as
though tired,

And never hold hands at a meal,
And foot touching under the table
Is anything but genteel.

In approaching or leaving the tables,
Your hands should be hanging free,
For to put them in pockets while walk-
ing
Is a habit as bad as can be.

After drinking be sure that your mouth
Is wiped with a napkin dry.
If you feel you can't keep all these
rules,
At least you can have a good try.

And if these small matters be righted
Wherever they chance to appear,
We'll soon have perfections in manners
And be proud of our students here.

So that's why I've put into doggerel
The habits I've written about,
And I hope no offence will be taken
From the fact that I've pointed
them out.

* * *



A LONELY SCENE

We stood at the bars as the sun went
down,

Behind the hills on a summer day,
Her eyes were tender and big and
brown,

Her breath as sweet as the new-mown
hay.

Far from the west the faint sunshine
Glanced sparkling off her golden
hair,

Those calm deep eyes were turned
towards mine,

And a look of contentment rested
there.

I see her bathed in the sunlight flood,
I see her standing peacefully now,
Peacefully standing and chewing her
cud.

As I rubbed her ears—that Jersey
Cow.

* * *

The Evolution of an Entomologist.

I AM an entomologist; I did not start to be one; there was a time I'd not have known one had I chanced to see one. I would have been a gardener—alas, my hopes were blighted; for bugs and flies and worms and things came to me uninvited. Last spring I set a garden out, such dainty beds and patches. Said I: "Twill be a glad-some sight, provided my seed hatches." (Now hatch may not be quite the word but rhyme is such a fetter to synonym I have to yield, though sprout would suit me better.)

I am an entomologist; of insects once so wary I'm deep in entomology that's quite involuntary; upon my few potato

stalks are cross-barred bugs and striped with appetites omnivorous and greed that's truly biped. I hear them call across the field to feathered bugs and furry: "There's lots of green stuff over here, so hurry, hurry, hurry!" And then there comes the bug parade from all the fields surrounding; I hear the locusts' rusty legs across the green sward sounding; I see the worms come trundling in, the lord bug, and the lady; they get beneath some luscious leaf, and, in seclusion shady, they eat my peas and spinach up, bugs robust and bugs pallid; they make my cabbage into slaw and string beans into salad.

I am an entomologist; I have red

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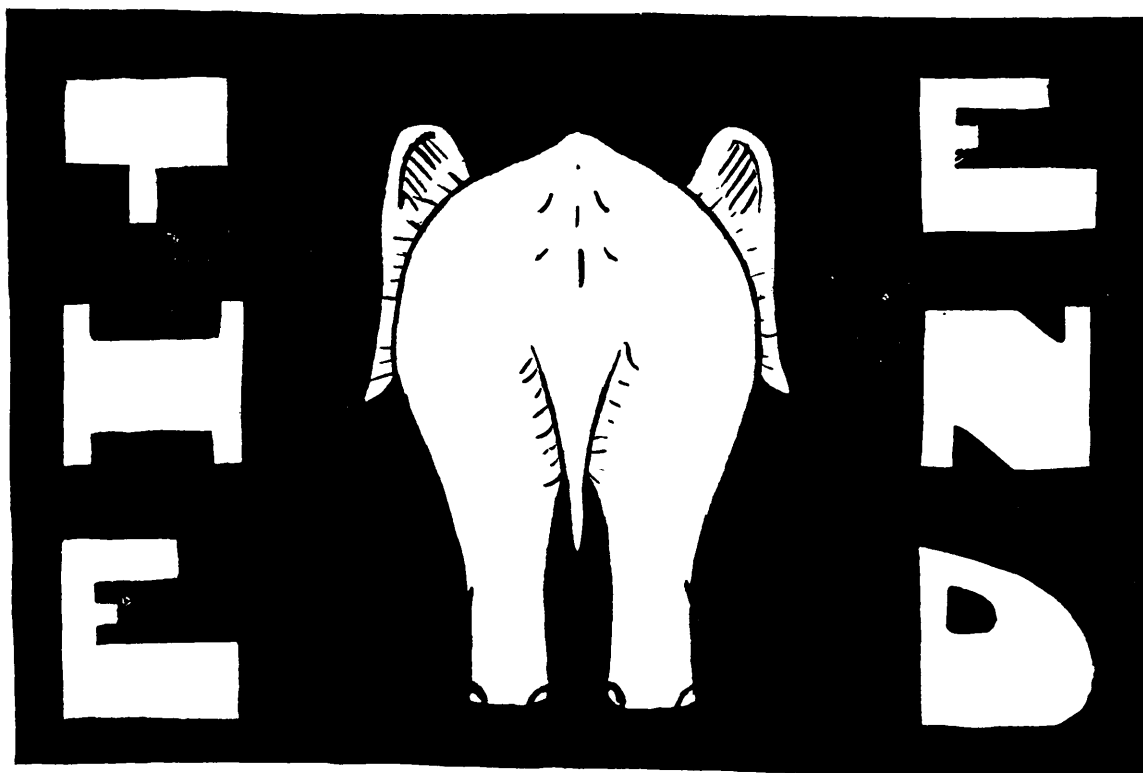
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Head Office : MONTREAL

bugs and white ones; bugs young and old and middle-aged, and heavy bugs and light ones. I have them lean, I have them stout, dry-land bugs and aquatic, and bugs that leap from leaf to leaf—I have bugs acrobatic; I've bugs that crawl and bugs that fly, bugs of each kind and venue; potato bugs, tomato bugs, and bugs for every menu; I've some that dig in earth for roots, and some that feed on topses; I've bugs that pick the early fruits and bugs for all my cropses. And so I've lost my interest in garden stuffs and "sasses"; I'm listing all my bugs and things and sorting them in classes.

I am an entomologist; my heart I will not harden; I gather every kind of bugs and feed them in my garden; I roam the byways of my plot with lus-

trous eyes and eager; what if the cabbages are nil and foliage is meager! I see a new bug and I know I've scored another capture; so I behold it with delight and watch it eat with rapture; a stranger worm goes wriggling past, I watch its pathway finish, to learn if it likes corn or peas or beans or squash or spinach. I've learned the names of them by heart; I know their moods and tenses; I feed them daily a la carte regardless of expenses. And so from humble gardening, from toil's remorseless prison I tread the scientific clouds—pray note how I have risen. I may not as a huckster shine—(greenstuffs, I beg your pardon)—but, oh, the world of bugs is mine! Pray come into my garden.



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Cow Farmer—"Rock salt, my boy."

City Youth—Go hon! I've often wondered how they made corn beef.

We would like to know if Winter will spend the Summer at any of the Beaches.

Elsbeth Mc.—"A certain young man sent me these flowers this morning."

Mayone G.—"Don't say a certain young man, my dear. There is none of 'em certain till you've got 'em."

In the olden days, the girls used to roll up their sleeves and sail into the kitchen. Now they roll down their stockings and sail into college.

Prof. — How many times do I have to tell you not to do that?

The Dumb One. — I'll bite, how many?

Lady. — What is the peculiar odor that comes from that field.

Farmer. — That is fertilizer.

Lady. — "What, for the land's sake!

Farmer. — "Yessum."

Margaret McL. — I can't find my bathing suit anywhere.

Evelyn J. — See if you have it on.

Freshman. — Why do women speak less in February than they do any other month.

Marion Monkley. — Because it hasn't so many days.

Constance Crane. — In what course do you intend to graduate?

Yvette Lafferty. — In the course of time

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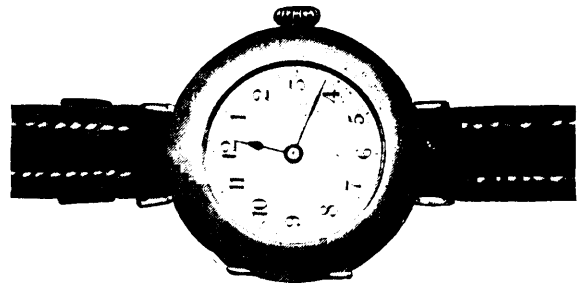
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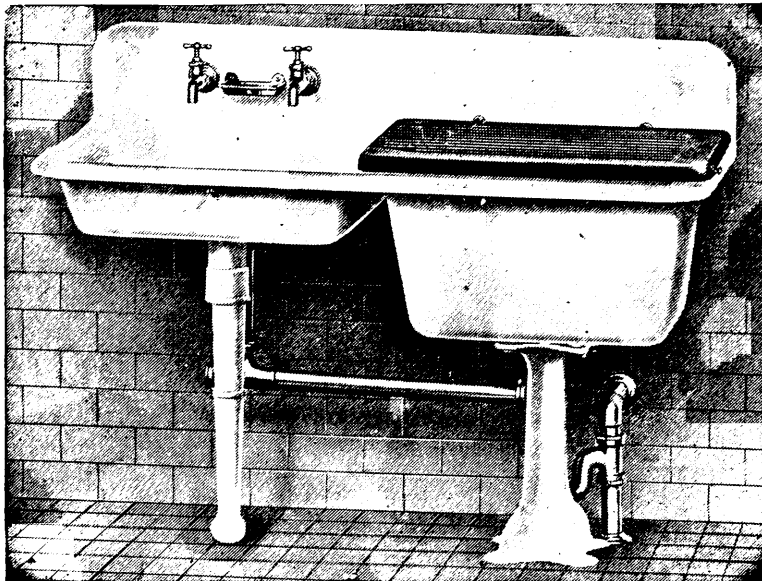
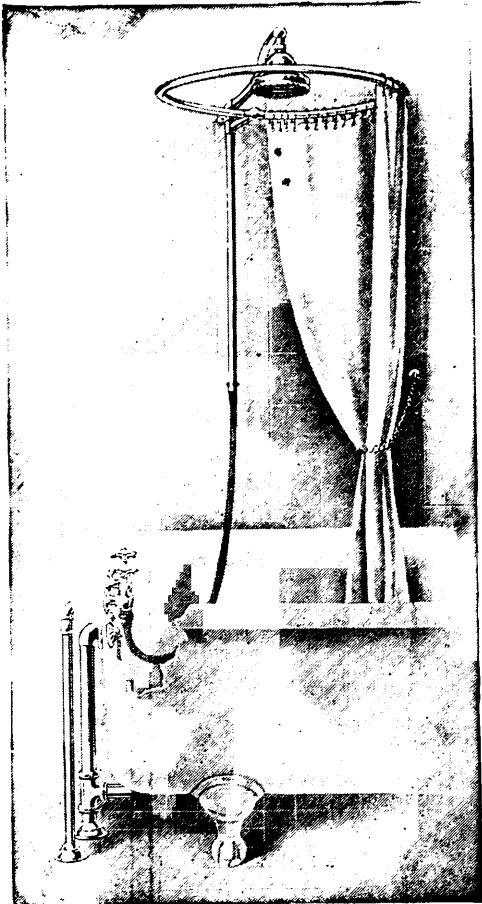
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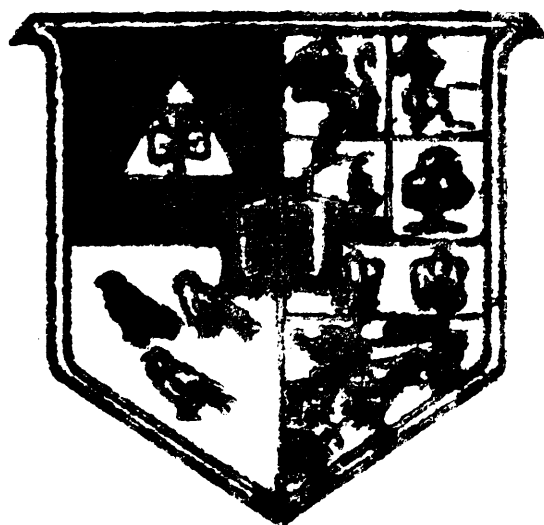
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Vol. 12

No. 3

Macdonald College Magazine



1922

February

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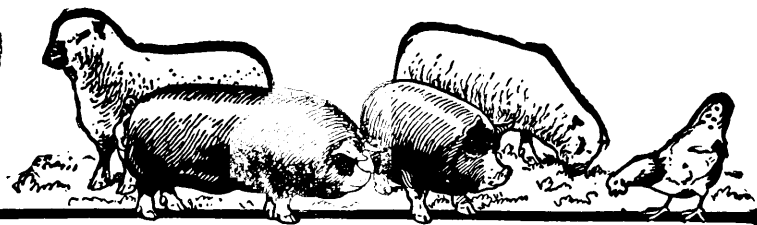
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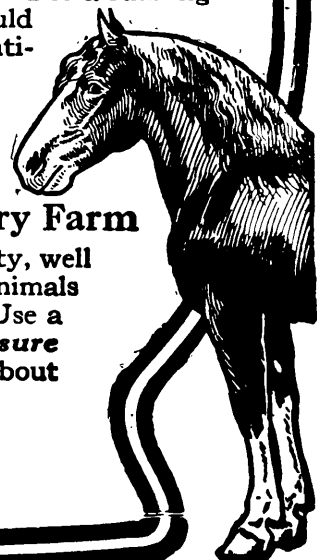
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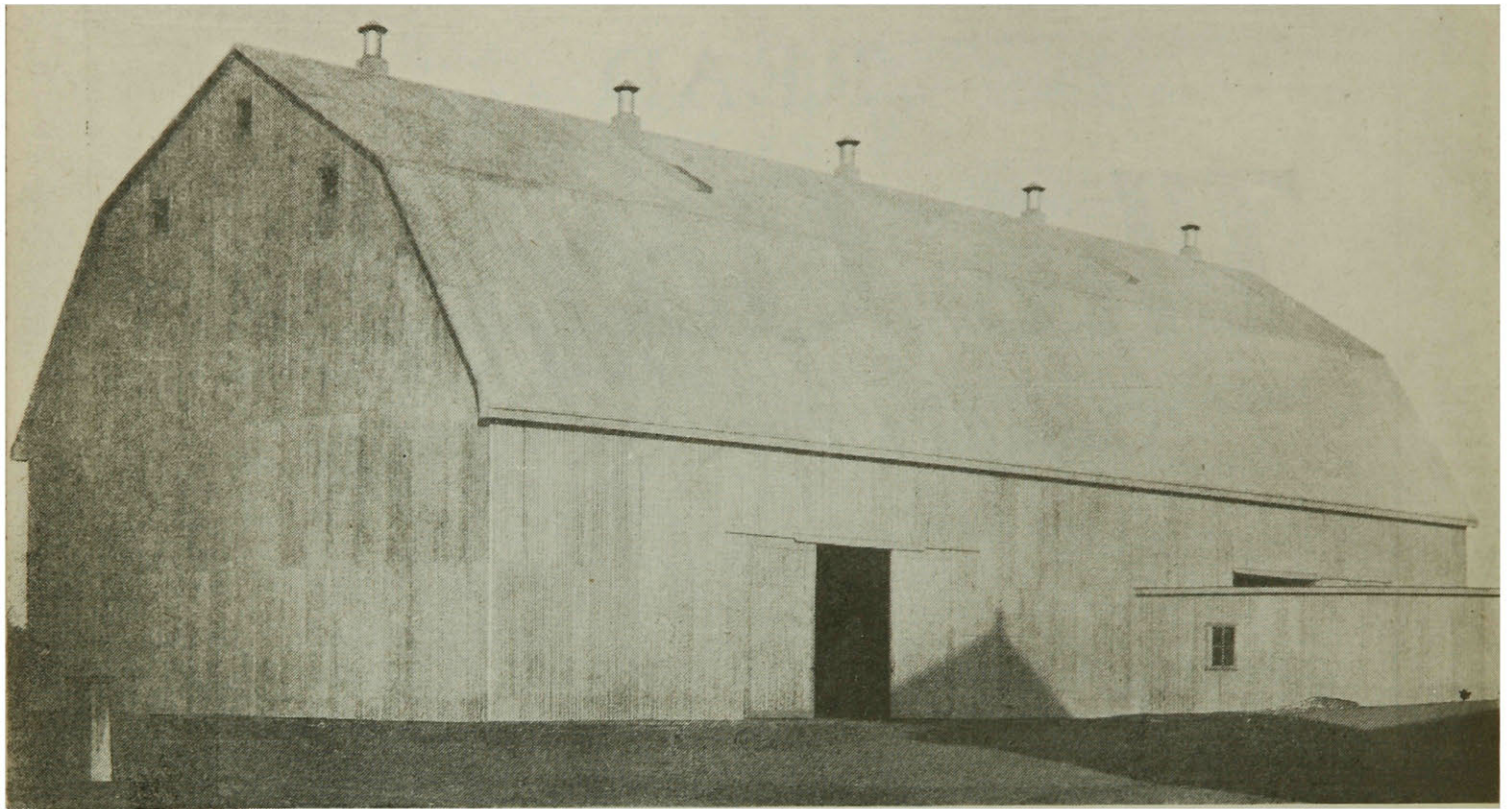
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NOTE—After each name, in last column, mark S if person needs a separator, M for milker, SM for both.

NAME	P.O.	R.F.D.	State	No. Milk Cows	Prospect For
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